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THE week has not progressed well for Mr. Wilson and the peace treaty. Mr. Taft's letters, an attempt at constructive statesmanship, but not intended for publication, struck a severe blow at the treaty while ostensibly trying to show a way out. They also struck sparks in Canada and England by urging that the British dominions be deprived of their votes in the Council. But if England is to have only one vote like our own, a good deal of the enthusiasm for the League in London will rapidly disappear. Meanwhile, Mr. Wilson has seen a few more Republican Senators and apparently moved none, yet both sides continue to claim the victory. If one may judge by appearances, Mr. Wilson is losing ground. There is no real note of leadership coming out of the White House, and the more the treaty is discussed the less the public likes it. The very best that is now being said for the League continues to be that it is a pretty poor job, but that we must make the best of it, take the covenant and work out a really worth-while document. If the Republican attacks smack of partisanship, the Democratic replies are equally to be discounted as being largely due to party loyalty. The worst of it is that the iniquitous treaty itself comes in for no discussion; if its gross immorality, its breach of national honor, its total abandonment of principle were being properly dissected by a man like Senator Hoar, or by a Charles Sumner, its faithlessness and wrong would speedily be manifest to the whole country.

ON top of the race war in Washington comes the news of an outbreak on the streets of Chicago, resulting in a score of deaths. When will the country understand the significance of this? When will it realize that it must talk a great deal less about Bolshevism in Russia and a great deal more about anarchy in America? Already some of our blind editors, like those of *The New York Times*, are proceeding precisely as the Russian newspapers did in regard to the Jewish pogroms, for they see in these two outbreaks the results of Bolshevist propaganda, or pro-German propaganda, and invariably place the blame upon the Negroes. At bottom, the blame lies elsewhere, as *The Nation* has so constantly pointed out. The world war has left the colored people of America inflamed to the highest degree because of the denial of their fundamental rights as American citizens. *The Nation* prophesied these riots; it prophesies more and more bloodshed until this question is settled right. Meanwhile, as long as editors encourage lawlessness as cynically as the editor of *The Washington Post*, there can be no hope of averting mob violence anywhere. On the morning of the worst day in Washington, when mobs led by men in United States uniforms were dragging innocent Negroes from street-cars and brutally beating them, *The Washington Post* printed this on its first page:

MOBILIZATION FOR TONIGHT

It was learned that a mobilization of every available service man stationed in or near Washington or on leave here has been ordered for tomorrow evening near the Knights of Columbus hut on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventh and Eighth Streets. The hour of assembly is 9 o'clock, and the purpose is a 'clean-up' that will cause the events of the last two evenings to pale into insignificance. Whether official cognizance of this assemblage and its intent will bring about its forestalling cannot be told.

NEVER did a set of lawless officials have to retreat more speedily than those of the city of Paterson, who, as we described last week, boldly undertook to prevent the establishment of a branch of the Amalgamated Textile Workers in that city. Habeas corpus proceedings having been brought to free the Rev. Evan Thomas and two other officials of the union, who were so falsely charged with plotting to set up a soviet government in America—something they had never even considered or discussed—the city attorney abandoned his vacation, rushed back to Paterson, and quashed the proceedings, for it is unofficially announced that the case against the arrested men will never be called. He then induced the Mayor and the Chief of Police to grant permission to the Amalgamated Textile Workers to hold public meetings in the city of Paterson. That is, the Mayor has kindly permitted these American citizens to

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exercise their undoubted constitutional rights. He thought it necessary, however, to include in the permit the utterly unnecessary condition that the meetings shall be held in an orderly manner, and "that the speakers will not utter any sentiments or distribute literature subversive of the Government of the United States, the State, or the City." Finally, the city attorney has deemed it wise to announce that the city of Paterson "will do nothing opposed to the Constitution of the United States or the laws of New Jersey"—something distinctly reassuring. Nevertheless, we hope the arrested men will promptly bring suit for false arrest. It is time some of our lawless officials were brought to book.

ONE of our best known and most thorough-going militarists, Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, has found it necessary to introduce a bill in the Senate immediately releasing from imprisonment every American soldier, sailor, or marine who "has been prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced by a general summary or other court martial," excepting only those sentenced for what would be a felony in the Federal courts. What could be a greater condemnation of our whole system of military jurisprudence and the whole military system itself? What howls would have not gone up everywhere if such a proposal had come from the American Union Against Militarism or some pacifist body! It would have been said that they were pro-German or pro-Japanese or Bolsheviki insulting the honor and undermining the discipline of the American Army. But Senator Chamberlain gets away with it, unrebuked, even though a review board has just knocked twenty thousand years off the sentences of these same American soldiers; that is not sufficient, in his opinion, to do justice. What a state of affairs! And yet Senator Chamberlain will continue to urge universal military service for America, and with unwinking eye. One cannot pick up a newspaper without reading a daily scandal as to the maltreatment of men in the army. Charges, counter-charges, and counter-counter-charges fly in every direction, so that the splendid work of our soldiers on the battlefields is rapidly becoming obscured in the general outcry.

THE Smith family must, we presume, have black sheep in due proportion to its size. The coincidence seems a little curious, however, that as the Spanish War provided the annals of our military history with the name and fame of Hell-Roaring Jake Smith, so now we are confronted with the peculiar distinction achieved in France by Hard-Boiled Smith. Hell-Roaring Jake, it will be remembered, an American regular army general, issued orders to his troops in the island of Samar—he was not a German general operating in Belgium—to spare neither "men, women, nor children," and was promptly retired by President Roosevelt, though not until some women and children had succumbed. Hard-Boiled was in charge of a number of military prisoners at the notorious "Farm No. 2," and according to evidence at his court martial, treated them with great brutality, beating them without mercy, stealing their poor trifles of personal property, and using vile and profane language against them. The report of two officers charged with investigation says that Farm No. 2 was not only worse than the German prison camps, but a fair match for those of Siberia. Hard-Boiled's court martial got him a three years' sentence, which was promptly reduced one-half on General Pershing's recommendation. When General March was asked by the Johnson Committee whether he approved of a system that permitted this, and at the same time permits enlisted men to be sentenced for long terms for trivial offences, he replied, "I don't think this is a severe indictment of the court martial system." One might go further, and make damaging comparisons between Hard-Boiled's case and that of the conscientious objectors, for example, that of Eugene Debs. It seems that to be a brutal, heartless thug, and torture helpless prisoners, is anywhere from eight to eighteen years less of a crime in the eyes of the Federal Administration than to have a Christian conscience and obey it.

THE Densmore report on the Mooney trial, hitherto kept pretty well in the dark since it was completed last November, was finally brought out into the open by Congress last week. It was wholly unfavorable to the prosecution and bears out the contention of labor and the liberal press that the conviction of Mooney was a flagrant frame-up. "The basic motive underlying all the acts of the prosecution springs from a determination on the part of certain employers in San Francisco to conduct their various business enterprises upon the principle of the open shop. There has been no other motive worth talking about." This is precisely what every disinterested person with fair knowledge of the circumstances has all along believed. Again, the report observes that "so thoroughly have the principal witnesses for the prosecution been discredited that practically all of them have in effect confessed their several parts in the frame-up, leaving little for the investigation to look into, beyond a few questions of motive and *modus operandi*." We think it is distinctly competent and material for Secretary Wilson to show cause for refusing to allow the information contained in this report to be placed before a grand jury in San Francisco. We should be glad to see impeachment proceedings started, for the sake of clearing up and ending the whole disgraceful matter, against District Attorney Fickert, who, the report says, was elected with the backing of the worst elements in the public-service utilities and the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce. One observes with interest that much of the evidence in the report was gathered through a dictaphone planted by Densmore in Fickert's office. The spectacle of a dictaphone planted by a Federal investigator in the office of a local district-attorney is, to say the least, extremely diverting and instructive.

NOW it is the turn of Washburn College. Each instance of stupid tyranny exercised by presidents and boards of trustees seems a little worse than the last, but in essence they are all alike, for they are all the result of "The System." A board of trustees, self-perpetuating and responsible to nobody, whose sole standard of academic efficiency is the financial, but who do not perceive that there are ways in which it does not pay a college to advertise; a president created as nearly as possible in their own image; and occasionally, for good measure, a dean. Few colleges are so unfortunate as not to possess at least one able, energetic man in a strategic chair who does not see eye to eye with some influential member of "the board," or with the president, and who does not conceal his disagreement; and there you have as nice an opportunity for petty academic tyranny—petty enough as regards the

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motives of the tyrant, but serious enough often as regards the future of the victim—as could be wished. The recalcitrant professor, whatever his tenure of office, whatever his services to the college, is dismissed without a hearing, without appeal, and sometimes without a charge.

THIS seems to be what has happened at Washburn. Professor J. E. Kirkpatrick, of the Department of History and Political Science, who has been for twelve years a valued member of the faculty, was requested, on June 12, to resign. The specific charges upon which this request was based have been refused both to Professor Kirkpatrick and the public. The board of trustees has offered to reopen the case, but the president of the college is unwilling to allow either the faculty cabinet or an impartial committee to review the charges. Professor Kirkpatrick has the option of a year's leave, with salary, on condition that he resign at the end of the year and meanwhile have no intercourse with faculty or students. It appears that this is not the first instance of the kind at Washburn under the present administration, though it seems to be the most flagrant. We commend Washburn College, its president, and its board of trustees, to the prayerful attention of the American Federation of Teachers and its new foster-parent, the American Federation of Labor. It seems a fruitful field to till. However, the light of the new democratic era is dawning even upon Washburn. The college, we learn, is soon to have a new constitution, drawn up by a really representative committee, and this document will no doubt securely provide against a repetition of the Kirkpatrick case; but meanwhile Professor Kirkpatrick suffers unjustly.

THE most important development of the week in England is the Goverment's surrender to the demands of the coal-miners, which promises an end to the most acute industrial difficulty, probably, that the country has faced in a century. But almost immediately a greater difficulty comes in sight, for the all-powerful Triple Alliance proposes shortly to take a vote on "direct action" in behalf of purely political questions; that is to say, a vote to dictate the Government's course on Russian intervention, amnesty for political prisoners, conscientious objectors and other similar matters, under threat of a general strike. Newspapers and publicists, both Tory and Liberal, now frankly say that this proposition of the Triple Alliance is nothing less than an attempt to overthrow parliamentary authority, and as conditions appear at this distance, they seem to be right. The tendency is to supersede and shelve the Commons, as the Lords was shelved in 1911, and the monarchy much earlier, leaving it only the formal functions of government, and permitting the actual initiative and direction of government to pass under an economic, non-political control. This is naturally most bewildering and distasteful to the type of mind most common in England, both in the Right and Left, which naturally cannot entertain the idea of non-political government. *The Daily News,* for example, intimates that it is better "to be badly governed by Parliament than wisely governed by trades unions," while the reactionary *Morning Post* warns the Government that "the revolution is making headway." Evidently the new mode of English social order will be quite as strange and incomprehensible to the politically-minded Liberal as to the politically-minded hard-shell Tory.

EIGHT hundred natives killed, sixteen hundred wounded, thirty-nine sentenced to death, twenty-seven to imprisonment for life, and two thousand sent to jail—this is the toll the British have taken in Egypt because the Egyptians have dared to desire self-determination and the right of self-government. They believe with Abraham Lincoln that no man is good enough to govern any other man without that other man's consent, but the British do not. Of course, the British bled, too; sixty soldiers and civilians were killed and one hundred and forty-nine wounded. In some cases, the natives attacked with savage ferocity, and the British retaliated by bombing their villages—was it not the other day that we were scorning the contemptible Hun for this very thing? This Egyptian situation is fraught with evil. The British have enormously improved the economic lot of the people, have given them honest courts and clean government, and vastly bettered the general status of the native. But they can no more win the regard of the Egyptians than they can make the Irish love them. The only American correspondent in Egypt seems to have been Dr. William T. Ellis, of *The New York Herald,* and an effort was made to suppress him. From his letters it appears that the movement for a free Egypt is shaking the country to its depths. And these are the very people whose delegates Mr. Wilson, the great democrat, not only refused to receive; he deliberately sold them out by recognizing officially the British protectorate just when the delegation reached Paris.

SOME day, we hope and believe, the American people will find out what the League of Nations, as now planned, is really for. Mr. Austen Chamberlain the other day introduced into the British Finance Bill a clause extending to any territory over which England or any of the Dominions may receive a mandate under the League of Nations the same commercial preference accorded to British possessions. *The Manchester Guardian* calls this a breach of the clause of the peace treaty which provides that the mandatory power shall "secure equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of the other members of the League" within the mandatory areas. *The Guardian* remarks with sterling common sense that

> the great difficulty in regard to all these mandatory territories, which are designed to be held in trust by the Mandatory Power for the advantage of the inhabitants and of all nations, and not in any way for the special advantage of the Power exercising the mandate, will be to get this self-denying principle observed. Everywhere there will be a tendency to treat them not as trusts to be administered but as possessions to be exploited, and especially will this be the case with countries whose colonial system, unlike our own, has always rested on this basis. It is lamentable that we, for whom of all others it is easiest to set a right example in this great matter, and who acquire territories so vast under mandates, should be the first to set a wrong one.

We quite agree with the foregoing, remarking only that if *The Guardian* really believes that there is any "self-denying principle" anywhere in the League of Nations plan, it shows a superlative generosity. Our view is, as we have repeatedly said, that the present League of Nations may become a device for enabling the economic exploitation of small and weak peoples without the risk and cost of war; and we congratulate ourselves upon the distinguished support which Mr. Chamberlain has given to that view. May the danger be guarded against soon!

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The Crime Against Russia

London, July 26.—The former Prime Minister, H. H. Asquith, speaking at Edgware today, said: "I regard with bewilderment and apprehension the part this country is playing in Russia. The country wants a clearer definition than has yet been given of what are our commitments, definite and prospective. I sincerely hope that the attempt to commit us further in Russia will be successfully resisted. The future government of Russia is a matter for the Russian people and for no one else."

PRECISELY, and the same is true of Hungary, as to which unfortunate country we learn this week that it is to be starved by Christian America and the Allies until it abandons the Government of Bela Kun. This with the consent and approval of Woodrow Wilson, who said to the Central Powers on December 4, 1917: "We owe it, however, to ourselves to say that we do not wish *in any way to impair* or to rearrange the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is no affair of ours what they do with their own life, either industrially or politically. *We do not propose or desire to dictate to them in any way.*" Starving a people until they choose a different form of government is, of course, no affair of ours, and if Mr. Wilson were not morally bankrupt, if he were not unfaithful to his own idealism and to that of America, he would never consent to it.

As to Russia, what do we see? Silence and suppression of the truth as to what is going on behind the scenes; a twisting and ever-changing policy—for war one day, for peace the next. One month, an official announcement of an encircling policy as outlined by M. Pichon; the next, a peace offer to Lenin in the handwriting of Lloyd George's private secretary; the third, a decision to invade at once. A fourth sees the encouragement of the Finns to attack Petrograd, and the coldblooded sinking of Russian warships by British battleships, coincident with the withdrawal of the American troops from Archangel and the announcement by Lloyd George that no more English troops will be sent in. And then, last week, Mr. Wilson's explanation that we are in Siberia merely to aid the somnolent Mr. Stevens in rebuilding the Siberian railway and in protecting it so that Russia may have food—carefully suppressing the fact that this road is the great reliance of Kolchak. And on top of all, we recognize, or partially recognize, the impossible Kolchak!

Never, we believe, has there been, in any international entanglement in recent years, such contemptible fumbling, such tortuous diplomacy, such breathing war and peace at the same time. Why is it that there is such widespread disrespect for the four old men of Versailles? Well, the Russian policy alone would warrant it. Can anyone find fault with Chicherin and Lenin for speaking of the hypocrisy of the Allied and American policy toward Russia? Let him merely run over the files of the newspapers for the last six months and see how the Prinkipo proposal has alternated with acts of war—absolutely unconstitutional acts of war so far as America is concerned—the Bullitt proposal for peace, and Lloyd George's announcement that while no more British soldiers are to go to Russia, British tanks, uniforms, guns, cannon, and ammunition are going both to Denikin and Kolchak. Fifty times we have had the announcement that this policy was entirely successful and that the Bolsheviki were defeated; fifty times we have heard of Bolshevist victories. Today Kolchak, Denikin, and the Finns are all in hasty retreat, despite their Allied aid, while correspondents of *The Philadelphia Public Ledger* and *The London Times* declare that "the Bolshevists have got Russia"; that "the situation in Russia is exceedingly grave, almost hopeless, for the plans of the international financial interests seeking the downfall of the Bolshevists."

No wonder Mr. Asquith speaks out; no wonder British Labor plans to compel the Government to leave Russia. What will British Labor's feeling be on this subject now that it has learned that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Austen Chamberlain, has increased his holdings in a Russian mining company by one thousand shares since intervention began; that Walter Long, Secretary of the Colonies, increased his five hundred shares in the Anglo-Russian Trust by three thousand, purchased seven weeks after the armistice? "Russia," Mr. Wilson declared, "will be the acid test of our democracy." It has been the acid test of *his* democracy. It has bitten into the metal of his declarations as to self-determination, and has proved it to be not pure metal but the basest alloy. Months pass without a clarion note from the President as to the pitiable, starving Russian people, starving by order of the Allies and America. Oh, yes, we are aware that it is not the fault of these outsiders, but that of the Bolsheviki. It is nothing of the kind; it is the fatuous policy of the Big Three which entrenches the Bolsheviki in power. They were not responsible for the breaking down of the railroads before the revolution, nor for Russia's economic collapse, but it is the fault of those who attempt foreign interference that it drives to Lenin's side Mensheviki and Social Revolutionists and many others.

To deprive Lenin and Trotzky of their right to call upon loyal Russians to defend the country from outside attack would be to deprive them of their strongest card. But, we hear it said, does not Prof. Henry C. Emery declare, in his most judicial and able article in *The Yale Review,* that it is the business of the world what happens in Russia, because it is class war that is on, and that Lenin must fight a world-wide warfare, if communism is to succeed anywhere? Granted, if you please, but when was any social upheaval ever checked by bayonets, and foreign bayonets at that? What is the best way to defeat the class war? Well, not by making British Labor and Continental Labor and the masses everywhere believe that Russia is being attacked in order to preserve capitalistic investments, but by building up happy and sound and properous commonwealths between Russia and the Atlantic Ocean, by ending starvation, by removing the causes of popular unrest, by disbanding armies, by reëstablishing the orderly processes of life throughout Europe, by removing as rapidly as possible all causes of social discontent. Violent Bolshevism of the Russian type can flourish, as Bavaria and Hungary have shown, only where there is hunger, exhaustion, despair, economic collapse. The millions upon millions of dollars that are going into Russia in the vain hope of defeating Russia in the field would be infinitely more effective if applied to the rehabilitation of the new and the old States that should be the western bulwarks against the advance of Bolshevism. Now let us have the truth, and above all else let us have a settled policy in America, let us have an end to the private war of Woodrow Wilson upon Russia, direct and indirect; let us have an end to the crime against Russia, let us follow the sound advice of Mr. Asquith and thereby once more be true to our American forefathers, and our highest ideals.

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The Problem of the State

THE great events of the day occupy my thoughts much at present. The old, illusory France has collapsed; and as soon as the new, real Prussia does the same, we shall be with one bound in a new age. How ideas will then come tumbling about our ears! And it is high time they did. Up till now we have been living on nothing but the crumbs from the revolutionary table of last century, a food out of which all nutriment has long been chewed. The old terms require to have a new meaning infused into them. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are no longer the things they were in the days of the late-lamented guillotine. That is what the politicians will not understand; and therefore I hate them. They want only their own special revolutions—revolutions in externals, in politics, etc. But all this is mere trifling. What is all-important is the revolution of the spirit of man.

Thus in 1870 wrote Ibsen, greatest in his day of the rare originative geniuses who "carry in their brains the ovarian eggs of the next generation's or century's civilization." And now at last, after nearly fifty years, the fulfilment of that prophecy is at hand. Not Prussia merely, but the most of monarchist Europe, has collapsed. The old ideas are tumbling about our ears at a rate which possibly Ibsen himself did not foresee. Even that hoariest and most impregnable of them all, the idea of the absolute State, though propped and buttressed during the past five years as never before in history, is everywhere visibly tottering—where it has not already tumbled. A new age is indeed upon us!

Probably no proof of failure less complete and terrible than the recent cataclysm could have shaken man's mystic devotion to the State. However it has oppressed, impoverished, impeded him, he has for the most part always regarded it as an inevitable and indispensable part of the divine machinery, as remote from his control as gravitation or the weather. All through the centuries he has blindly acceded to its insatiable demands, blindly conformed to its endless inhibitions, blindly sacrificed himself and his possessions to its alleged interests. Fed so long on this monotonous diet of subserviency, the State came quite naturally to imagine that there existed no law of God or man to which it was not superior—of which fatal delusion the consequences are today writ large in blood and fire across half the world.

The great underlying principle of English law, according to Dickens, is to make business for itself. The great underlying principle of the State, it might be said with equal truth, is to make power for itself. As Renan pointed out, "it knows but one thing—how to organize egotism." So preoccupied with this task has it been that it long ago forgot, if indeed it ever knew, that such a thing as the human soul exists. But now at last, aroused to rebellion by almost intolerable afflictions, the human soul begins to assert its supremacy. Of that duel the ultimate issue is certain and near at hand; the instrument must finally yield to its creator.

But for all its crimes against humanity, the time is not yet when we can abolish the State entirely, as Ibsen urged, and "make willingness and spiritual kinship the only essentials in the case of a union." Eventually, unless moral progress is an illusion, that ideal will be realized. Mankind, however, has yet to serve a long and rigorous novitiate before it can be worthy of such a consummation. Philosophic anarchism is a creed that postulates too much nobility, too much self-restraint and self-abnegation, in common human nature to be immediately practicable. For many decades (perhaps even a few generations) longer, Man must continue to bear as best he may with those accusing symbols of his moral imperfection, the policeman and the soldier.

If, then, the State cannot at once be dispensed with, the alternative is reform, revision, melioration of the State idea. Here we shall at least be sure of a multitude of counsellors, each with his favorite State-theory or State-pattern to urge for adoption. It would be well to dismiss at the start those slightly anachronistic physicians who invariably prescribe more centralization as a cure for the ailments of our over-centralized State. Their ideal is pre-war Prussia, though they will not often admit it. But of Prussia as a working model of State-theory we might say, as Talleyrand said of the English public school system, "It is the best we have ever seen; and it is abominable." The earnest seeker for light will turn with far more of hope and interest to storm-swept Russia. Out of the soviet experiment, and out of the ideas of the Guild Socialists in England, is evolving what some sanguine optimists hope will prove to be the State-norm of the immediate future.

But it should never be forgotten that the problem of the State is essentially a spiritual one. Political forms and institutions, legal systems, legislative enactments, all the charters and codes and statutes in Christendom, are valid and stable only as they tend to assure freedom and justice to individuals. Political freedom is of value only as it leads to moral freedom, and there can be no public justice that does not find its ultimate sanction in private conscience. The State, if it is to endure at all, must devote itself henceforth to the organization of altruism rather than egotism; it must slough off completely its old predatory and repressive character, and embrace the ideals of brotherhood and association. Above all, it must respect and preserve inviolate at whatever cost the principle of individual freedom. Not freedom to prey upon others, which was really the essence of the old individualism, but freedom from being preyed upon. Not the shadow of freedom, but its substance: not political freedom merely, but moral and economic freedom. If a government cannot permanently exist half slave and half free, how much less so can a human being!

In considering the question of the State, the great thing, as Ibsen has remarked, is not to allow oneself to be frightened by the venerableness of the institution. "The State has its roots in Time; it will have its culmination in Time. Greater things than it will fall." To believe that the State or any other human institution should be immune from criticism is to entertain one of the most absurd and dangerous of delusions. Neither inherently nor extrinsically is there anything sacrosanct in the State; from its remotest beginnings it has been, at the best, a bungling and inefficient instrument; and it must be obvious to any open mind that under some other associative arrangement mankind might achieve a far happier and nobler existence. "History," says Sir Arthur Helps, "is chiefly a record of the failures of government." Every good citizen must feel the stigma of that humiliating truth. He must grapple as best he can with the problem of the State. As a beginning, Thoreau's suggestion is perhaps as good as any: "Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it."

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The Need of Joy

"IN the intercourse of men, the only thing that matters in the long run is joy." These are not the words of the professed optimist, whose presence among us is one of the major ills that afflict the human race. They were actually written by Giacomo Leopardi, the saddest soul and the most disillusioned that modern literature records. And they are quoted, with implied approbation, by Matthew Arnold in those notebooks of his in which, from day to day, he inscribed the passages on which his spirit was nourished. Aside, therefore, from the intrinsic interest and suggestiveness of Leopardi's words, such associations give to them a quite special value. What is this joy of which two such men make such account? The name is evidently equivocal. When we hear it, we think first of that instinctive gaiety, possessed by certain fortunate natures, which is little more than the spontaneous overflow of health and animal spirits. But neither Arnold nor Leopardi would have desired a sensation that often co-exists with mindlessness, and that seldom outlasts youth. Deeply as both men felt the burden of "this unintelligible world," neither of them would have shaken it off. They are not sighing, therefore, for the somewhat fatuous optimism of a Browning. They have in mind, we may be sure, a joy that is consonant with a perception of the facts of life.

It is equally certain that they did not have in mind that cult of the trivial which passes with most of us for joy. Unlike the other, it is not instinctive; it is more or less conscious artifice. It is a deliberate attempt to evade the truth of things, to live in an illusory world. Pascal was thinking of it when he wrote his stern denunciations of those who seek, at all costs, to save themselves from ennui.

"And yet men have such need of joy,
But joy whose grounds are true,"

wrote Arnold. This is the differentia of the joy that these two poets sought and that they knew to be a necessity in the life of men. Both were strenuous-hearted. No reader of Arnold can miss the high courage with which he confronted what he believed to be a losing spiritual fight. Leopardi's courage is, on the surface, more debatable, but it is really as high as Arnold's. The steadiness with which he faced, the energy with which he described the bitterness of his disappointment with life are evidences that he was not a coward. These two men suffered, indeed, because they were incapable of deluding themselves, and because they had a spiritual nervous system of unusual sensitiveness. Nevertheless, both of them knew that joy is a social necessity, and one of them achieved it.

One cannot read the letters, the poetry, even the controversial writings of Arnold without discovering that he had taught himself to be happy. Only in the notebooks, that touching, reticent piece of self-revelation, do we learn what his happiness cost him and the discipline upon which it was based. The joy that he achieved is various, of course, and variously expressed. In the letters, it is the genial, tolerant, yet always critical joy of the close observer of men in their greatness and littleness; it is also, and even more markedly, the joy that springs from human relationships, wistfully guarded and tenderly cherished, because they cannot long endure. In the controversial writings, it is the joy of battle—the joy of the warrior, confident of his powers, resourceful, facile, brilliant. The poems reveal, perhaps, the deepest sources of it: a joy in nature unspoiled by the perception of her limitations and cruelties; a joy in great actions performed without reward; a joy in the life of passion, in spite of its pathetic inability to satisfy the deepest heart of man; a joy, above all, in tracing out the current of that "buried life" wherein man really lives. All of these are elements in the "joy which is in widest commonalty spread," and all of them are based on reality. None of them is delusion. Perhaps this is the reason why George Eliot, in her later years, remarked that Arnold was the only poet of the great Victorians that she continued to read with pleasure.

This has always been what the spiritual guides of our race have meant by joy—joy that is achievement, joy that is conquest. The Catholic Church, so wise psychologically, has long taught that the failure to win it is a mortal sin. Francis of Assisi—by nature one of the wisest of the sons of men—defined it once for all in his discourse to Brother Leo on "perfect joy." And Paul of Tarsus, who knew, if ever man did, the heart of man, described it, when he offered himself as a pattern to his Corinthian disciples, in the phrase, "as sorrowing, yet always rejoicing," and, therefore, "as poor, yet making many rich."

Our Confiscation of German Private Property

IN his address to Congress of April 5, 1917, the President stated that we would "conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play that we profess to be fighting for," and "in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus." While it has long become painful to quote Wilson's speeches and promises, it may not be without interest to call attention to some phases of our actual conduct as a belligerent.

It has been an elementary principle of modern international law that the private property of enemy citizens is not subject to confiscation. Since the wars of the eighteenth century, this rule has been uniformly observed. The stability of international commerce and trade has been deemed to depend on this doctrine. That the Alien Property Custodian was aware of this fundamental principle is clearly indicated by his announcement in the Official Bulletin of November 14, 1917, No. 159:

> The purposes of Congress are to preserve enemy owned property in the United States from loss and to prevent every use of it which may be hostile and detrimental to the United States. . . . The Alien Property Custodian exercises the authority of a common law trustee; there is no thought of a confiscation or dissipation of property thus held in trust.

Not many months afterward, however, the "trustee" began to advocate and finally obtained Congressional authority for the sale of German private property; and, as he said in his address before the New York Bar Association, in which he modestly called attention to the great work of the Alien Property Custodian, he made "a big start in the work of divorcing German capital from American industry." The total German investment in the United States, by the Custodian's own figures, amounted to about eight hundred million dollars, or about one-quarter of one per cent. of our national

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capital wealth of three hundred billions. Yet the "German industrial menace," "Germany's industrial aggression," and "a knife at the throat of America" required, so he said, the complete liquidation and sale of German investments in this country, including patent rights. He justified this action by asserting that in dealing with American property, Germany had been "keeping constantly a little ahead of us." We hold no brief for Germany, but we venture to state that the Custodian was in error, and it is not easy to suppose that he long remained in ignorance of his error. Very little American property in Germany was sold; the bulk of it was either placed under a German administrator or left in the hands of its owners. The liquidation of some property was justified by Germany as a reprisal for our prior action. The conduct of Germany is not necessarily attributable to any innate propensity to law and order, but possibly to a realization that any violation of international law with regard to private enemy property would redound to the disadvantage of German property abroad, which was much greater in amount. No such considerations appear to have restrained us. Not only was German property in the United States sold after the armistice—when all hostile action against enemies should legally have ceased—but, having the proceeds of sold private property in his hands, the Custodian could not resist the temptation to advocate the permanent appropriation of these funds in order to liquidate the private claims of American citizens against the German Government and against German nationals. This is confiscating private property, a measure condemned by modern international law and practice. The Custodian's recommendation has been followed in the Peace Treaty, and, unless Congress shows unexpected independence and foresight, will doubtless be carried out. Not unnaturally the Germans have described Mr. Palmer's report in these words: "Unscrupulous hate and injustice, not hesitating to use any means whatsoever and covering itself with self-praising hypocrisy, dominate this report. It is a self-accusation of a kind that has never before been written against America by an American." This is a correct characterization, for there is much that is censurable in the Palmer record.

History will pass upon the wisdom of this action. To us it seems more than doubtful. First, in a war ostensibly fought for the maintenance of international law, its professed defenders cast grave doubt upon their sincerity by showing so little disposition to heed its restraints when their material interests seem to profit by violation. Secondly, the American Government today is exerting unexampled efforts to stimulate American investment in foreign countries. Should we enter into a war with any of those countries, the first enemy measure adopted will be to sell out and confiscate American investments. A foreign investment becomes, therefore, a precarious asset, made so, curiously enough, by the very government which seeks to encourage it. In the case supposed, the foreign governments with which we are at war will accuse us of "industrial penetration" or "aggression," and refer us to our own Alien Property Custodian's report of 1919. The measure has other dangerous political consequences, reserved for later discussion. At the moment, it excites wonder that in a time when a prodigious world movement questions the very principle of private property, the opponents of the movement should so greatly encourage it by their own manifestation of contempt for the sanctions of this principle contained in international law.

One Error Is Enough

ONE error is quite enough for damnation if only you happen upon the right error. Padraic Colum has been forbidden to lecture on poetical matters at the University of Chicago, not, it appears, because the community there thinks he is a bad poet, but because the authorities think he is a good Sinn Feiner—which he is not. This calls to mind the affair at Columbia not so long ago when Count Ilya Tolstoi was forbidden to speak about his father's life and doctrines, at the demand, it was announced, of a certain professor of Russian. Count Tolstoi took an exquisite revenge by saying, through the newspapers, that he knew nothing of his censor except that the person spoke Russian very badly. It is hoped that the Celt in Mr. Colum —surely as roguish as the Slav in Count Tolstoi—will suggest a similar revenge upon Chicago. Can Mr. Colum, for example, not remember something distinctly Sassenach in the Gaelic he heard there? Or can he not find in the work of the University of Chicago poets—whoever they may be—just a hint of dulness or superfluity? Perhaps, instead, he will comfort himself with history. Poor Ovid, during his banishment at Tomi, is said to have been invited by the students at the University of Thrace (or was it Bœotia?) to read them some of his "smooth-sliding" verses, and to have accepted the invitation; but at the last moment the responsible sophists refused to let him appear because of his late difficulties with the Emperor. Public opinion in Thrace (or Bœotia) sustained the sophists. And there is the better known story of how Spinoza went all the way to Eseldorf to speak to the Opticians' Guild on a new method of grinding lenses, only to find that his excommunication was so much held against him that the Governors of the Guild would not tolerate him—in which they had the approval of the public opinion of Eseldorf. How many Eseldorfs there are!

Chicago, New York, Thrace (or Bœotia), Eseldorf—surely a thread of irrefragable virtue runs through the ages. And a few people will still have no truck with wilful error. There is the Lusk Committee; and the American Defence Society; and Sergeant Empey; and the now forming All or Nothing Association, the members of which are unanimously pledged to ride in Cadillacs or better until Mr. Ford changes his attitude toward history and Benedict Arnold; to say nothing of the Mayor of Seattle and the Governor of Illinois and the Vice-President. "It's character that counts," as the Union League Club says in its fresh and epigrammatic fashion; "it's character that counts, and character is a unit, a compact unit." "If a man thinks wrongly about Ireland or Russia or labor," a chiming chorus goes on, "it argues a defect of character. Probably such a man is also a pacifist and a pro-German. Let's take no chances. Put none but Americans on guard tonight. Whatever more reckless countries may do, we will have no new ideas here." "Now these radicals," continues the general voice rising higher and higher, "care no more for ideas than if they were harmless toys. They fling and brandish them around merely for fun. It is we solid citizens who properly value and understand ideas. We know they are dangerous. And we mean to have no damage done by them." "Give us spies and committees enough," concludes the chorus, with a sound of righteousness sustained by impregnable principle, "and we'll catch all the new ideas before they spread too far."

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Peace League or War League?

BY JOHN KENNETH TURNER

ALMOST everybody believes in a league of nations; why not the League of Nations now offered us? Why does almost everybody believe in a league of nations? Only because they believe in the thing that they have been told a league of nations will bring to the world—permanent peace. But *any* league of nations will not bring peace, however loudly it may shout that such is its purpose. There was a league known as the Holy Alliance. At the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle it proclaimed that it had "no other object than the maintenance of peace. . . . The repose of the world will be constantly our motive." There are leagues of nations and there are leagues of nations. On September 12, 1918, Lloyd George announced that he was "all for a league of nations." The formation of the league, he said, was already under way; in fact, the British Empire was a league of nations. So was the Triple Entente, for that matter, and the Triple Alliance. All swore that their aim was peace. But the Holy Alliance lived and died in a welter of war; the British Empire has fought more wars than any other country in history; while everybody knows what the Triple Entente and the Triple Alliance did to the world.

President Wilson never, of course, pretended that *any* league of nations would bring permanent peace. Instead, he informed us that only one kind of league would do it. He was careful to lay down the plans and specifications, to assure America that it was fighting only for that kind, to pledge himself to accept nothing else. Do we get that kind of league? Mr. Wilson made it plain at every turn that the genuineness of a league of nations as a league of peace was to be determined, first, by its composition. It must be a league of all nations from the start. "A general association must be formed" (No. 14 of the Fourteen Points). "It cannot be formed now. If formed now, it would be merely a new alliance against the common enemy" (September 27, 1918). "She [the United States] would join no combination of powers that is not a combination of all of us" (December 30, 1918). Russia was not excepted, nor Germany, nor any other friend, foe, or neutral.

The second test of a genuine peace league was to be its government. It must be a league of absolute equals, a pure democracy. "The essential principle of peace is the actual equality of nations in all matters of right and privilege" (Inaugural Address, 1917). "The guarantees exchanged must neither recognize nor imply a difference between big nations and small, between those that are powerful and those that are weak" (January 22, 1917). "The strong and the weak shall fare alike" (April 6, 1918). Inner circles are a contradiction of equality; so inner circles are barred.

> There can be no leagues or alliances or special covenants or understandings within the general and common family of the league of nations (September 27).

As a guarantee against clandestine inner circles, all secrecy is barred:

> All international agreements and treaties of every kind must be made known, in their entirety, to the rest of the world (September 27).

For America, a pledge is offered in advance that it shall be a party to no inner circle, whether open or secret:

> The United States will enter into no special arrangements or understandings with particular nations (September 27).

The third test of a genuine league of peace was to be its obligations. One stands out above all others:

> Mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small states alike (No. 14 of the Fourteen Points).

Not guarantees for some states, remember, but for all:

> The whole family of nations will have to guarantee to each nation that no nation shall violate its political independence or its territorial integrity. That is the basis—the only conceivable basis—for the future peace of the world (June 7, 1918).

The fourth test of a genuine peace league was to be its privileges—its absence of special privilege. There must be "a common participation in a common benefit" (January 22, 1917). This means, for all, "a participation upon fair terms in the economic opportunities of the world" (August 27, 1917). This means freedom of the seas: "Absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war" (No. 2 of the Fourteen Points). "The freedom of the seas is the *sine qua non* of peace, equality, and coöperation" (January 22, 1917). This means no trade hostilities:

> Special alliances and economic rivalries and hostilities have been the prolific source in the modern world of the plans and passions that produce war. It would be an insincere as well as an insecure peace that did not exclude them in definite and binding terms (September 27).

Finally, as a guarantee against the violent upset of our genuine peace league, or any of the fundamentals thereof, by a minority, every state, however virtuous, must render itself physically incapable of aggression:

> Adequate guarantees given and taken that national armaments will be reduced to the lowest point consistent with domestic safety (No. 4 of the Fourteen Points).

But the League of Nations excludes all former enemies and many neutrals. Even within itself it is a league of unequals. It has an inner circle, the Council; an inner circle within the Council, the Big Five; an inner circle within the Big Five, France-England-America; possibly other inner circles. No outside state is guaranteed against aggression. The seas are less free than ever in history. Economic hostilities have already begun. No secret international engagement has been published—not even the business understanding for which the Lansing-Ishii Agreement is a blind. *No victor is reducing armaments.*

If the President's League of Nations meets none of his prescribed requirements for a genuine peace league, how is it going to secure the world's peace? Time, we are told, will correct all shortcomings. But the five gentlemen who framed the League in secret, and who determined upon the charter members, have taken every precaution against time correcting anything. The covenant cannot be amended without the unanimous consent of the Council. None of the Big Five can ever be ousted from the Council. The Assembly can never over-rule the Council. Practically nothing can be done without the unanimous consent of the Council. New members are received, not on general terms open to all applicants, but on special terms laid down to the given ap-

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plicant. No outsider may ever become a member without the unanimous consent of the Big Five, and on terms laid down by the Big Five; no outsider, having become a member, may ever attain equality with any of the Big Five without the unanimous consent of the Big Five; they may have nothing to say in the affairs of the Big Five, while the Big Five may have everything to say in their affairs. Any reform, or other generous undertaking, can be blocked forever by a single member of the Council. The covenant of the President's League of Nations makes it safe from democracy. If the gentlemen who promised the world a genuine league of peace really intended to give it to us, why not give it now, instead of at some future time? And why should we accept a substitute?

How, indeed, can anyone hope that this particular League of Nations will ever bring peace to the world when its first concern is to guarantee a settlement that everywhere tramples upon the fundamentals of peace? The President himself made it plain that "the equality of nations upon which peace must be founded, if it is to last," was to be established not at some future time, but at once—in the settlement itself; that the league was only to give it permanency; that a league of equality could be erected only upon a peace of equality. We find that his pledges of a league of equals are inseparable from his pledges of a settlement of equals. Together they constitute the "Wilson terms." The obligation of mutual guarantees was simply the application to existing states of the basic principle of self-determination, which he promised even to subject peoples: "We shall fight . . . for the privilege of men everywhere to choose their own way of life and obedience" (War Message). "Self-determination is not a mere phrase. It is an imperative principle of action, which statesmen will henceforth ignore at their peril" (February 11, 1918). As late as Independence Day, 1918, he gave the following definition of the process:

> The settlement of every question, whether of territory, of sovereignty, of economic arrangement, or of political relationship, upon the basis of the free acceptance of that settlement by the people immediately concerned, and not on the basis of the material interest or advantage of any other nation or people which may desire a different settlement for the sake of its own exterior influence or mastery.

Of how much importance to the permanency of peace, to democracy, to the world, to ourselves, was the Wilson plan for a settlement of equals and a league of equals? Let Wilson himself answer. Here is what he said of it, January 22, 1917:

> These are American principles, American policies. We can stand for no others. And they are also the principles and policies of forward-looking men and women everywhere, of every enlightened community. They are the principles of mankind and must prevail.

Here is what he said of his Fourteen Points:

> For such arrangements and covenants we are willing to fight until they are achieved; but only because we wish the right to prevail and desire a just and stable peace such as can be secured only by removing the chief provocations to war, which this programme does remove. . . . An evident principle runs through the whole programme I have outlined. It is the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities, and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak. Unless this principle be made its foundation, no part of the structure of international justice can stand. The people of the United States could act upon no other principle; and to the vindication of this principle they are ready to devote their lives, their honor, and everything they possess.

Of the pledges of September 27, he said:

> They [the issues of the struggle] must be settled—by no arrangement or compromise or adjustment of interest, but definitely and once for all and with a full and unequivocal acceptance of the principle that the interest of the weakest is as sacred as the interest of the strongest. This is what we mean when we speak of a permanent peace, if we speak sincerely, intelligently. . . . No peace shall be obtained by any kind of compromise or abatement of the principles we have avowed as the principles for which we are fighting.

The President's own words are the best answer to the treaty that he now asks us to approve. If you believe in the principles for which America was persuaded to give seventy-five thousand lives, see two hundred thousand of its young men wounded, pay out $150 cash for every man, woman, and child of our population; submit to soaring living costs and countless forms of discipline and sacrifice, you cannot believe either in the settlement that is offered us or the League that is a part of it. If the President really cared for those principles, it would be impossible for him to offer us this substitute. If we really cared for them, it would be impossible for us to accept this substitute from him. Is it an accident that certain neutral nations were not invited to join our League? That our League does not afford universal guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity? That self-determination is not provided for? That no adequate steps are taken toward a general reduction of armaments, that the freedom of the seas is forgotten, and all other essentials of a genuine peace league are lacking? Woodrow Wilson is a historian by profession. Did he expect, after assisting England to victory, to persuade that country to surrender her dictatorship of the seas, or to cut her navy to the size of the navy of America, France, or Germany? Did he expect to persuade England to grant self-determination to Ireland, India, or Egypt; Japan to grant it to Korea; France to grant it to Morocco; Italy to grant it to Tripoli? Did he himself ever intend to grant genuine self-determination to Porto Ricans, Filipinos, Santo Domingans, Nicaraguans, Virgin Islanders, and to Haitiens? Would Lloyd George have been willing that his League of Nations should guarantee Persia against aggression by England? Would Orlando have been willing that his League of Nations should guarantee Abyssinia against aggression by Italy? Would Makino have been willing that his League of Nations should guarantee Siberia against aggression by Japan? Would Wilson, indeed, have been willing that his League of Nations should guarantee Mexico against aggression by the United States?

Was our League of Nations framed with a view to ending aggression upon weak states by the great and powerful, or, rather, to facilitating and sanctifying it? Will it, or will it not, afford America a freer hand for the "cleaning up" of Mexico for the benefit of Wall Street? There has been some complaint that America "gets nothing" out of the European settlement. The rise in Mexican securities on the Stock Exchange, the feverish preparations of great financiers to take immediate advantage of Mexican "opportunities," together with the artificially stimulated outcry for armed intervention, argue a strange confidence that a few of us are about to get something by war in lieu of the permanent peace that was promised all of us.

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On Being in Jail

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

TWO weeks ago there came out of the Caldwell, New Jersey, Penitentiary, one of the fairest and squarest and best of Americans. After nine months behind the bars because of his refusal to give his assent to what he considers an unpardonable crime of the State, the conscription of American youth for war, Roger Baldwin emerged as clear-eyed, as fresh, as unbroken in spirit as when he entered. He had no complaints to make for himself; he is even happy that he has learned to know in three prisons the system of penitentiary punishment for wrong-doing, as it is practiced in America. But he comes out unconverted as well as without regret. Imprisonment, as he has seen it from the convict's point of view, he believes to be a total failure. It not only fails to reform; it is itself, in his belief, incapable of reform, even according to the programme of Thomas Mott Osborne. As for Mr. Baldwin himself, he has merely proved one of the oldest truisms in history—that prison is of no avail as a means of altering convictions honestly and earnestly held.

Nations as well as generations, it is now fairly obvious, learn nothing from history. Were this otherwise, we should not have had England and the United States imprisoning conscientious objectors. They would have recalled that the early Christians were frequently turned into flaming torches by Roman emperors, who were as certain as our Lusk and Overman Committees that the application of brute force would forever end the particular heresies which they were combating. Christianity was to be stamped out by imprisonment, and so are socialism and Bolshevism. Conscientious objection to war, which, if allowed to spread, would do more than all the peace leagues to stop international slaughter, must be put down lest the rulers of the world find their present power to plunge countries into war, without referendum or true popular expression of opinion, severely limited. Hence the governments of the world, particularly that of the United States, founded by conscientious objectors to the enforcement of a State religion, have felt it absolutely necessary to imprison or to shoot men who place their consciences above their loyalty to the State—as did the Puritans.

Of course, these governments thought they could do nothing else, if they were to make war, and Mr. Baldwin is one of those who have recognized this. Wherever he went he had time only for friendship, for giving a cheery greeting to guards and fellow-convicts, for trying to be of service to all. His able address in court (printed in *The Nation* for Nov. 9, 1918) had spread his fame before him. I learn from unbiased observers that he became a dominating figure wherever he went. In Newark, he started classes for the men, a self-help and legal-aid association; he even founded a pawnshop to help the men to raise funds for adequate legal protection, until the sheriff put his foot down upon all this nonsensical reform, when it largely ceased. After a while he was transferred to the Caldwell prison, in many respects—notably because of its type of guard, its splendid location, and its fine prison farm—one of our best institutions. Yet Mr. Baldwin comes out entirely convinced that the imprisonment system is wrong and profoundly regretting that he, as probation officer of a St. Louis court, once helped to send many boys to reform schools, out of which some were graduated into penitentiaries. One occupied a cell near him at Newark and could not conceal his glee at finding the probation officer in jail with the probationer.

That a man like Mr. Baldwin believes that the evils of our prisons are beyond remedy, even under such ideal conditions as at Caldwell, with an enlightened and humane warden in charge, is profoundly discouraging, especially because there are startling rumors that Mr. Osborne has now given up all hope of really reorganizing prison life fundamentally. Both men believe that restraint is necessary in some cases; that certain types of men must, for their own sakes as well as society's, be set apart for a time. But both men typify in act and thought a deep love for their fellow-beings; they illustrate so clearly in themselves the attitude toward the criminal which society ought to take that it will be a shock, indeed, if both men should be of the belief that there is nothing to be done with the penitentiary; that it must either be abolished or remain a shocking monument to man's injustice to man. Typifying brute force, however necessary it may seem or be, the prison fails with the ordinary man as with a noble spirit like Mr. Baldwin. He is now going to devote himself to the social revolution by joining the radical labor movement, in order to help keep it within peaceful limits if he can, for he is an absolute non-resistant and wholly opposed to force. That is the net result of his incarceration; that is all that the State has accomplished by locking him up. In England they are raising $50,000 by popular subscription to rebuild physically for useful service the broken-down Roger Baldwins who are now emerging from prison, happy and proud that, however injured, they have passed, without yielding, through the severest test to which a man can be subjected for conscience's sake.

Mr. Osborne, if we hear correctly, has decided that there is no hope for decent and helpful prisons so long as our police are everywhere brutal, corrupt, and deliberately hostile to ex-convicts, and so long as our courts continue to be, as they often are, gravely unfair—as, for instance, in sentencing men not for a given crime, but partly because of a past record—and sometimes venal. No amount of self-government in prison, it appears, safeguards an exconvict from official injustice when he is released. Hence, Mr. Osborne, too, is reported to be turning to the oncoming generation, to be planning a new kind of school for boys, just as certain friends of mine in France and the United States are planning ethical and international schools, as constituting a better hope for the prevention of wars and national animosities than anything else. At this the practical man laughs. "Why not begin to sweep away the Atlantic Ocean?" he asks; "it is about as practical." Yet Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Osborne and my friends, the school-builders, have hit upon the truest religion, the most constructive policy, the wisest statesmanship of this new world of ours—love of fellowmen. It is what Mr. Dyer meant in the conclusion of that charming and wise article of his in the last *Nation* on "The New Order at Juniper Hill." It is what the old German in the railway coupé meant whom I heard tell a group of fellow-Germans that living the teachings of

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Christ was the only hope for their utterly bankrupt and morally wrecked country. Somehow the teachings of Christ never suggest either brute force or penitentiaries to me, any more than they do Kaisers and Crown Princes, or Hindenburgs or Fochs.

So Roger Baldwin, ex-convict and Harvard graduate—which latter fact he says he hopes to live down in his new surroundings—has chosen to wander. He is to join various unions and to work his way, studying at first hand the labor movement and the shortcomings of its leadership. What a topsy-turvy world! Any wise government would beg for the privilege of having a man like Roger Baldwin to advise it how to cure social ills, how best to meet the prevailing social unrest, how to make of our jails an at least tolerable social institution. For, however one may feel about his "crime," here is a man who has borne witness, who has testified to the faith that is in him, has demonstrated that his principles are on bed-rock, that he prefers the prison and all it signifies to a moral surrender. In his prison he has proved what our stupid Governments everywhere, with their persecutions of Dreyfuses and Liebknechts and Debses and Kropotkins and Breshkovskys, will never learn, that

> High walls and huge the BODY may confine,
> And iron grates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
> And massive bolts may baffle his design,
> And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways:
> Yet scorns the immortal MIND this base control!
> No chains can bind it, and no cell enclose:
> Swifter than light, it flies from pole to pole,
> And, in a flash, from earth to heaven it goes!

The Prosecution of Mr. Townley

By JUDSON KING

The outstanding feature of the Townley-Gilbert trial at Jackson (Minn.) was not the verdict of the jury convicting the defendants of conspiracy to teach disloyalty. . . . It was the regilting of the somewhat tarnished halo of martyrdom gratuitously presented to Mr. Townley and the League last year by Governor Burnquist, Judge McGee, and Ambrose Tighe. . . . There has been left in the minds of a very large number of people an impression of a bitterly prejudiced court and a wide feeling that this trial—staged in an obscure and almost inaccessible spot, a year or more after the events concerned, before a judge who had previously admitted prejudice in declining to preside over a similar trial—savored more of persecution than of prosecution.—*St. Paul Daily News*, July 14.

STANDING on the streets of Jackson one night during the Townley-Gilbert trial, I heard a couple of old farmers, both anti-League men, discussing the case. Presently one remarked: "Politics, politics! It's all politics, and it's a-going to cost this county a mint of money. They're going to convict them, but s'pose they do—it'll only make the League stronger." The following Saturday night the jury returned the predicted verdict of "Guilty." The shrewd old farmer knew his county. Put this together with *The Daily News* editorial above quoted, add the fact that Minnesota farmers are now joining the Non-Partisan League at the rate of fifteen hundred a week, at $16 apiece, and you have the Townley trial summarized.

That A. C. Townley, president of the most powerful and most widely discussed farm organization in the nation, should be found guilty of disloyalty to his country by a jury of farmers would seem a serious matter. A few facts about the trial, however, will serve to make clear why the Northwest takes the verdict so lightly. Let us go up to the court room of the sleepy little county seat of Jackson county, tucked away in the southwest corner of the state, and take a look at its machinery of justice. I shall not soon forget my impressions on my first sight of the jury. It was painfully evident that, although these twelve good men and true might be able competently to decide a case of pig-stealing, the issues involved in this case were far beyond their range. Their intellectual and emotional calibre is indicated by the fact that two of them shed tears, and none was observed to smile, when Prosecutor Nicholas, in his impassioned closing address, touchingly recited the whole of

> I remember, I remember the house where I was born.

This jury had been chosen from the regular term panel of thirty-two men, which in turn had been selected by lot from a venire of one hundred and forty-four men, *picked from among the voters by the county commissioners*. Whether there was any "conscious selection" on the part of the commissioners, aided by the county attorney, I, of course, do not know and do not charge. The defense claimed that not a single League member or friend was among the original venire of one hundred and forty-four, and that all were taken from sections of the county which League organizers and speakers had been barred from visiting. One juryman, being challenged, admitted that he had remarked that he did not see how they were going to get a jury, since every man on the panel was opposed to the Non-Partisan League. It is pertinent to note here that League organizers were long ago ordered out of the county and League speakers forbidden to hold meetings by a written command of the local Safety Commission, the sheriff, and other county and town officers. Notwithstanding, the League has a fair membership in the west part of the county.

The specific charge was that A. C. Townley, president, Joseph Gilbert, manager, and Irving Freitag, organizer, of the Non-Partisan League, had "conspired to teach and advocate that men should not enlist in the military or naval forces of the United States or State of Minnesota," in violation of a State law. The chief "overt act" submitted to prove conspiracy was the circulation of a pamphlet containing the "War Resolutions" of the League, and a "Statement of Principles" by Congressman John M. Baer. The whole purpose of these War Resolutions was to set forth the League's loyalty and war policy. They declared allegiance, pledged assistance, urged a statement of definite war aims, demanded the abolition of secret diplomacy, condemned profiteering, favored conscription of wealth as well as men, demanded a free press, and asked for a league of nations. Mr. Baer's statement was along the same lines.

The prosecution took isolated sentences helter-skelter from these two documents and patched them together in an attempt to produce a connected statement *against the war*. I quote a typical sentence or two to illustrate what the State's attorneys held to be "disloyalty." The part in italics was omitted from the indictment.

We demand of no nation any concession which should be hid

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from the world. We concede to no nation any right of which we are ashamed. Therefore we demand the abolition of secret diplomacy. The secret agreements of kings, presidents, and other rulers, made, broken, or kept without the knowledge of the people, constitute a continual menace to peaceful relations. . . . .

The pinch of want is even now felt by millions of our people, not because of the scarcity of the things needed to support life in comfort, but because of extortionate prices foisted upon us by speculators and gamblers. *Following the demands of the platform on which I was elected, I shall use every effort to have the Government take over, operate, and control during the war the great terminal industries, such as packing houses, refrigerator-car lines, terminal elevators and mills, coal mines, lumber mills, steel and armor-plate mills, iron mines, munition plants, and railways.* . . . .

Patriotism demands service from all according to their capacity. To conscript men and exempt the blood-stained wealth coined from the sufferings of humanity is repugnant to the spirit of America and contrary to the ideals of democracy.

Attorney George Hoke, of the defense, sought to show that the Supreme Court of Minnesota had held this pamphlet not disloyal; further, that it had been passed upon by the Federal Government and freely admitted to the mails. Judge Dean sustained the State's objection, but the jury were not informed that they were asked to declare disloyal what their own Supreme Court and the authorities at Washington held to be loyal. By another ruling of the court they were left in ignorance that these war resolutions had been prepared, *not by Townley,* but by a committee of representatives from fifteen different farmer and labor organizations, and adopted by eight thousand delegates present at a great producers' and consumers' convention, held under the auspices of the League at St. Paul, in September, 1917. Of the same general character were the statements cited from the speeches of Townley and Gilbert. Witnesses for the State possessed remarkable verbal memories. They were allowed to voice their opinion that the speeches were disloyal; but equally intelligent witnesses for the defense were later not permitted by the judge to say that they considered the speeches loyal, as that would be "calling for a conclusion." The crux of the whole case lay in the interpretation to be put upon the language cited in the indictment. County Attorney Nicholas and Assistant Attorney General Markham, who aided him, maintained that the *meaning and purpose* of the language was to hinder the Government and prevent enlistment. Attorneys Hoke, Lemke, Sullivan, and Nordlin of the defense sought to show that this interpretation was an utter distortion; that the language had nothing to do with enlistment, but related to war policy, clearly within the rights of the defendants to discuss; and that the loyalty of Townley, Gilbert, and the League must be judged by the whole scope of their utterances and actions throughout the war.

And here we come upon one of the most remarkable rulings of this remarkable trial. The defense had summoned a large number of witnesses; and had ready a vast mass of documentary evidence to show the support that Townley and the League had given the Government during the war. It increase their wheat acreage, etc.

Townley's speeches and circular letters urging the buying of Liberty Bonds, supporting the Red Cross, urging all farmers to increase their wheat acreage, etc.

A mass of articles, cartoons, and editorials from League magazines and papers urging the same, with statistics showing results.

Townley's letter to the organizers in 1917, urging coöperation with the Government, and ending: "Not a single disloyal word or act will be tolerated by the League."

Telegrams of thanks from President Wilson, Mr. Creel, Mr. Hoover, and other officials for loyal activities. Official certificates of thanks from the Government. Official correspondence with the Government.

One hundred and ninety *other* speeches by Townley.

But witnesses and documents alike went by the board. Judge Dean ruled that the defendants would not be permitted to prove their loyalty, but must limit themselves to a denial of the specific charges of disloyalty. If a man commits a murder, reasoned the court, looking in the direction of the jury, it is no defense to show that he had not committed a thousand other murders.

In opening for the defense, Attorney Hoke stated that they would prove that a conspiracy existed between the great corporate interests and dominant politicians of the State to disrupt and destroy the Non-Partisan League by mob violence and criminal prosecution. Markham objected, and Attorney Lemke of the defense snapped back: "Yes, and we will prove that State officers are part of the conspiracy." The objection was sustained; Hoke was not permitted to complete the statement; and throughout the trial no evidence was allowed to go to the jury showing the character, scope, or personnel of the fight that was being made on Townley and his organization. Blocked in their efforts to present their most important testimony, the defense saw the hopelessness of continuing the fight, and suddenly rested their case.

The address of Prosecutor Nicholas to the jury lasted four hours. It was a typical war-time political speech. Our nation in danger from the terrible Hun—Belgium—all patriots to the front—the arch-conspirators Townley and Gilbert insidiously teaching disloyalty—hampering the Government by attacking the rich—spreading tales about profiteering—insinuating that there were other motives behind the war than the fight for democracy—teaching socialism, which would destroy private property and take our farms and homes from us. Then came the most dramatic moment of the trial. Townley rose, announced that he had dismissed his attorneys, and would address the jury in his own behalf. The night was hot and he had removed his coat. A hush fell upon the crowded court room. This move had not been expected. Nicholas and Markham both sprang to their feet objecting. The court delayed its decision. A battle of wits between the farmer and the judge ensued. It was typical of the world-wide struggle between the old order and the new—impressive and significant. Standing there in the twilight, in his shirt-sleeves, the farmer pleaded. He reminded the court that Debs, Nearing, Eastman, and even the I. W. W.'s at Chicago were not denied this immemorial right. The judge ruled on a hair-splitting technicality and reminded him that he had attorneys. Still the farmer persisted. "This involves my life work," said he. "I have spent years on this; my attorneys have spent a few weeks. I feel that I can present my case better than they to these plain men. Two hundred thousand farmers in my organization are interested here also. Law should be nothing but the application of common sense to the affairs of life. Surely I may be allowed to speak for myself."

The judge denied the request. Townley then refused to let the case go further, and it went to the jury without argument in his behalf. In two hours the jury returned with a verdict of "Guilty," just in time for the Sunday morning papers. The case is now on appeal to the Supreme Court.

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The Centennial of Herman Melville

By RAYMOND M. WEAVER

"IF ever, my dear Hawthorne," wrote Melville from Pittsfield in the summer of 1851, "we shall sit down in Paradise in some little shady corner by ourselves; and if we shall by any means be able to smuggle a basket of champagne there (I won't believe in a Temperance Heaven); and if we shall then cross our celestial legs in the celestial grass that is forever tropical, and strike our glasses and our heads together till both ring musically in concert: then, O my dear fellow mortal, how shall we pleasantly discourse of all the things manifold which now so much distress us." This serene and laughing desolation of Herman Melville's—a mood that steadily deepened into a less tranquil despair—is a spectacle to inspire with sardonic optimism those who gloat over the vanity of human wishes. At this time Melville was thirty-two years old: happily married, living in the lovely quiet of the Berkshires, surrounded by an admiring group of *literati*, widely distinguished as a novelist on both sides of the Atlantic, and at the very pinnacle of his creative genius; yet did he luxuriate in tribulation. "Dollars damn me," he wrote to Hawthorne; "and the malicious Devil is forever grinning in upon me, holding the door ajar. The calm, the cool, the silent grass-growing mood in which a man *ought* always to compose—that, I fear, can seldom be mine. What I feel most moved to write, that is banned—it will not pay. Yet, altogether, write in the *other* way I cannot. So the product is a final hash, and all my books are botches." Just as Petrarch's sonnets, which he pretended to despise as "silly boyish things," have alone survived to fame, while his great works in Latin, that cost him such excessive toil, have been forgot, so Melville's earliest novels, "Typee" and "Omoo," have left in comparative obscurity the other fourteen volumes that he considered more characteristic of himself. "Think of it!" he writes to Hawthorne. "To go down to posterity is bad enough, any way; but to go down as a 'man who lived among the cannibals'! When I think of posterity in reference to myself, I mean only the babes who will probably be born in the moment immediately ensuing upon my giving up the ghost. I shall go down to them, in all likelihood. 'Typee' will be given to them, perhaps, with their gingerbread." One pauses to wonder if in the fulness of celestial bliss the shades of Melville and Petrarch pause in the eternal quaffing of their Elysian champagne to reflect maliciously on the blind ingratitude of mortals.

The High Gods, in a playful and prodigal mood, gave to Melville, to Whitman, to Julia Ward Howe, to Lowell, to Kingsley, to Ruskin, and to Queen Victoria, the same birth year—doubtless with an eye to later convivialities in Heaven. Herman Melville was born in New York city on the first of August, one hundred years ago. He was the third of eight children. Melville's father, an importing merchant, died when Melville was still a boy, and the family, in none too flourishing circumstances, settled near Albany. But Melville carried with him reminiscences of the evenings he and his brother used to spend by the sea-coal fire in old Greenwich Street, listening to their father's rapturous accounts "of the monstrous waves at sea, mountain high; of the masts bending like twigs; and all about Havre and Liverpool, and about going up into the ball of St. Paul's in London." Melville's boyhood was neither easy nor protected; he has said that he learned to think much and bitterly before his time. So at the age of eighteen, undefiled by the horrors of "education," goaded by hardship to migration, and pathetically lured by the glamorous mirage of distant lands, Melville planned a hegira. He shipped to England on a merchantman as a common sailor.

A wiser if a sadder boy, Melville returned home in 1838, to work on his uncle's farm, and to drift into that last haven of tame or baffled souls—the drudgery of teaching school, an experience that fired Melville to the mood of extremest desperation. He fled from the plow and the ferrule, and shipped from New Bedford on board the *Acushnet*, a whaler bound for the sperm fisheries of the Pacific. After eighteen months of barbarism at sea; after four months among the amiable cannibals of the valley of Typee (Taipi) on the island of Nukuheva (Nukahiva) of the Marquesas group; after a stirring escape and a cruise aboard the *Julia*, with its "cockroaches in the forecastle"; after a mutiny, an imprisonment, and some months of drifting in Honolulu among the savages both native and missionary, Melville shipped back home on the frigate *United States*. He received his discharge in Boston in 1844. For the next two years he lived at his mother's home near Troy, New York, and took to making books.

During four wild and adventurous years Melville had wandered with devil-may-care desperation over strange seas, and under bland and persuasive skies had drifted beyond the outmost reaches of civilization. And he returned to Puritan New England, to the same pump in the yard, and to the same intolerable monotony of relatives and friends. Literature was an adventure and an escape. In "Typee" (1846) he lived over again in joyous imagination his idyllic sojourn among the cannibals; in "Omoo" (1847) he retold his adventures in the *Julia* and the ensuing vagabondage ashore. These two books have enjoyed all the successes: they have been indiscriminately praised; they have been imitated; their authenticity has been hotly debated; the identity of the author has been contested; they have basked in the full venom of ecclesiastical vituperation; and among the orthodox they have enjoyed the felicity of a *succès de scandale*. The success of Melville's virgin attempt at letters determined his career; he made the startling discovery that literature sometimes pays. Inspired with a deceptive sense of security by this discovery, he married the daughter of Chief Justice Shaw of Massachusetts.

His third book was "Mardi" (1849), which starts off, according to Melville's intention, as an amusing block of South Sea adventure. But even before he had finished the first two hundred pages he abandoned himself with wholehearted exuberance to the demon of perversity. The result is one of the most dazzling curiosities of literature, a baffling but glorious chaos of adventure, rhapsody, epigram, allegory, satire, and mysticism—like "Gargantua," a mad book of burlesque and ecstasy. The reviews of "Mardi"—the French reviews in particular—make a bulky chapter in the comedy of criticism.

"Dollars damn me," wrote Melville. The result was "Redburn" (1849) and "Whitejacket" (1850), both autobiographical accounts of Melville's life at sea, modelled after

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Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast" (1840), and worthy successors of their very noble original.

In 1850 the Melville family moved to Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and soon developed the closest intimacy with Hawthorne, then living in Lenox. On June 29, 1851, Melville sent Hawthorne this piquant revelation of diabolism: "Shall I send you a fin of the 'Whale' by way of a specimen mouthful? The tail is not yet cooked, though the hell-fire in which the whole book is boiled might not unreasonably have cooked it ere this. This is the book's motto (the secret one): *Ego non baptiso te in nomine* —— — make out the rest for yourself."

Born in hell-fire, and baptized in an unspeakable name, "Moby-Dick, or the Whale" (1851), reads like a great opium dream. The organizing theme of the book is the hunting of Moby-Dick, the abhorred white whale, by the monomaniac Captain Ahab. To Ahab, this ancient and vindictive monster is the incarnation of all the vast moral evil of the world; he piles on the whale's white hump the sum of all the rage and hate of mankind from the days of Eden down. There are in "Moby-Dick" long digressions, natural, historical, and philosophical on the person, habits, manners, and ideas of whales; there are long dialogues and soliloquies, such as were never spoken by mortal man in his waking senses, conversations that for sweetness, strength, and courage remind one of passages from Dekker, Webster, Massinger, Fletcher, and the other old dramatists loved by Charles Lamb; perhaps a fifth of the book is made up of Melville's independent moralizings, half essay, half rhapsody; withal, the book contains some of the most finished comedy in the language. If one logically analyzes "Moby-Dick," he will be disgusted, just as Dr. Johnson, who had no analysis but the logical, was disgusted with "Lycidas." And so with Melville's novel. If one will forget logic and common sense, and "abandon himself"—as Dr. Johnson would contemptuously have said—to this work of Melville's, he will acknowledge the presence of an amazing masterpiece. But neither "Lycidas" nor "Moby-Dick" should be read by philistines or pragmatists.

Melville's later novels mark a deepening of despair. "Pierre, or the Ambiguities" (1852), while worthily comparable to Meredith's "Egoist" in elaborate subtlety and mercilessness of pyschological analysis, is a prophetic parody of Hardy's most poisonous pessimism. The intention of this dark, wild book of incest and death seems to be to show the impracticability of virtue: that morality is a luxury occasionally to be indulged in by a strolling divinity, but for man a dangerous form of lunacy. "Pierre" is a book to send a Freudian into ravishment. "Israel Potter" is a story of the days of Franklin and John Paul Jones, both of whom appear in the novel. The unnecessary degradation of the hero with which the book closes is utterly inexcusable both in art and in probability; it is a cruel practical joke. "Piazza Tales" (1856) gives proof that Melville had not yet, with Coleridge, buried his wand in a grave of metaphysical speculations, to conjure no more, as witness the story "Benito Cereno." Melville's last novel, "The Confidence Man" (1857), is a very melancholy performance, and is not, even by transcendent charity, a novel at all. It is a series of episodes on a Mississippi river-boat among people of superhuman conversational endurance. The book seems to have been written by one who believed in the saying of Thrasea: "He who hates vice, hates humanity."

In 1857, in ill health, Melville went abroad. He visited Hawthorne in Southport, indulged in an orgy of "ontological heroics," and moved on to the Mediterranean, to Constantinople, and the Holy Land. What his reflections were in the Holy Land he has recorded in the poem "Clarel" (1876).

In 1863 Melville with his wife and four children moved to New York. Here he spent the remaining twenty-eight years of his life in most sedulous obscurity. Invited in 1882 to be one of the charter members of the Authors' Club, he declined, preferring the company of his family, of his grandchildren, of his books, of his prints, of his thoughts. He published five volumes of verse during these years, but as a poet Melville is not distinguished. To turn from his great novels to his poetry is to be reminded of a star that drops a line of streaming fire down the vault of the sky—and then the heavy shapeless thing that sinks into the earth.

It was Melville's abiding craving to achieve some total and undivined possession of the very heart of reality; his was the quest for the lost Atlantis, the ancient eternal desire of man for the unknown. In the promiscuous exuberance of youth Melville venturesomely sought his El Dorado on the world's rim. But his beckoning Hesperides ever retreated before him. After his final disillusionment in the Holy Land, he broke faith with geography, and retreated completely into metaphysics—metaphysics, which is but misery dissolved in thought. Dr. Titus Munson Coan has left a record of a visit to Melville in 1859: "In vain I sought to hear of Typee and those Paradise Islands; he preferred to pour forth instead his philosophy and his theories of life. The shade of Aristotle arose like a cold mist between myself and Fayaway. He seems to put away the objective side of life and to shut himself up as a cloistered thinker and poet." Superficially it would seem that whale-hunting, sea-roving, and mutiny are incompatible with monasticism and metaphysics. But, more closely considered, they are but two gestures for the same emotion; both are ventures into mystery, into uncertainty, into "strange surmise." Dante pilgrimaged farther than did Ulysses, but the wanderings of Melville outstripped them both.

"Like a frigate," Melville once wrote of himself, "I am full with a thousand souls; and as on, on, on, I scud before the wind, many mariners rush up from the orlop below, like miners from caves; running shouting across my decks; opposite braces are pulled and boisterous speaking trumpets are heard, and contending orders, to save the good ship from the shoals. In my tropical calms, when my ship lies tranced on Eternity's main, the many, many souls in me speak one at a time, then all with one voice, rising and falling and swaying in golden calls and responses." Because of this multiplicity of personality, Melville eludes summary classification. In his composite achievement he is severally a gentle Smollett, a glorified Whitman, an athletic Coleridge, a dandified Rabelais, a cynical Meredith, a doubting Sir Thomas Browne. Essentially was he a mystic, a treasure-seeker, a mystery-monger, a delver after hidden things spiritual and material. The world to him was a darkly figured hieroglyph; and if he ever deciphered the cabalistic sign, the meaning he found was too terrible, or else too wonderful, to tell. Whenever he sat down to write, at his elbow stood ever the chosen emissary of Satan, the Comic Spirit—a demoniac familiar that saved him in many a trying pass. The versatility and power of his genius was extraordinary. If he does not eventually rank as a writer of overshadowing accomplishment, it will be owing not to any lack of genius, but to the perversity of his rare and lofty gifts.

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Could Daniel Webster Teach in New York's Schools?

By J. W. BRADFORD

DURING the trial of Mr. Benjamin Glassberg, recently dismissed from the public schools of New York city, one of the sagacious members of the Board looked fiercely at the defendant and point-blank demanded of him: "Do you believe in the economic interpretation of history?" With satisfaction in his eye and triumph in his smile, the inquisitor awaited the reply, evidently feeling that now he was to catch the culprit red-handed. Mr. Glassberg, on the advice of counsel and doubtless within his rights, declined to enter into a consideration of anything save the charges filed against him. It was clear, however, from the attitude of the grand tribunal, that "the economic interpretation of history" was an evil spirit to be exorcised.

While clipping my July coupons and reflecting on the present happy state of school teachers who fain would retain some shreds of intellectual honesty, though holding a position of humble subordination to those whom Providence in His infinite wisdom has placed over them, it occurred to me that the works of Daniel Webster should be put on the index as containing statements which, by a perverse mind, might be construed as favoring or lending countenance to the wholly damnable doctrine of the economic interpretation of history. It is true that Aristotle (see Politics, Bk. V) came frightfully near to it; that the wicked Machiavelli whispered something like it to the Prince; that Sir Walter Raleigh hit upon it, perhaps while sojourning in prison; that Harrington founded his system upon it; and that James Madison, in Number 10 of "The Federalist," expounded it with merciless logic. These worthies lived before the date of "that terrible Jew," Karl Marx, and perhaps did not learn it from him. Daniel Webster, who, it seems, was not educated in Germany and is reputably certificated as an Anglo-Saxon, did some writing and thinking after Marx was under way. It is certain that not less than one year after Marx was born, Daniel did deliver two speeches in which he came perilously near that awful doctrine at which Nicholas Murray Butler (wearing a Hohenzollern Red Eagle of the Second Class and an Oxford gown) makes a semi-annual tilt for the edification of his subalterns, if not for the pleasure of some one who might give to Columbia University a new gate, a telescope, or another piece of Benjamin Franklin's furniture.

It came about in this way. In 1820 Massachusetts had a constitutional convention, and there it was proposed to do away with the special rights enjoyed by property in the constitution of the State Senate. Against this levelling proposal Webster lifted up his eloquence. In the course of his argument he quoted from an old writer who had remarked: "It is strange that Harrington should be the first man to find out so evident and demonstrable a truth as that of property being the true basis and measure of power." Then Webster himself took up the thread: "In truth Harrington was not the first. This idea is as old as political science itself. It may be found in Aristotle, Lord Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and other writers. Harrington seems to have been the first writer who has illustrated and expanded the principle and given to it the effect and prominence which justly belong to it. To this sentiment, Sir, I entirely agree. *It seems to me plain that in the absence of military force, political power naturally and necessarily goes into the hands which hold the property.* In my judgment, therefore, a republican form of government rests not more on political constitutions than on those laws which regulate the descent and transmission of property. If the nature of our institutions be to found government on property, and that it should look to those who hold property for its protection, it is entirely just that property should have its due weight and consideration in political arrangements. . . . The English revolution of 1688 was a revolution in favor of property as well as of other rights. It was brought about by the men of property for their security; and our own immortal Revolution was undertaken, not to shake or plunder property, but to protect it. The acts of which the country complained were such as violated property."

In his immortal address at Plymouth Rock, a spot sacred to the present writer, Webster sketched with firm hand the foundations of our form of Government. He said: "In the absence of military power, the nature of government must essentially depend on the manner in which property is holden and distributed. . . . Our ancestors began their government here under a condition of comparative equality in regard to wealth. They were themselves, . . . either from their original condition or from the necessity of their common interest, nearly on a general level in respect to property. Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the lands, and it may be fairly said that this necessary act fixed the future frame and form of government. The character of their political institutions was determined by the fundamental laws respecting property. . . . A great revolution in regard to property must take place before our governments can be moved from their republican basis, unless they be violently struck off by military power."

It would be difficult to find in any place or in any language such an unqualified exposition of the principle of economic determinism. Our ancestors were comparatively equal in this world's goods; they were forced to parcel out the lands, and this "*necessary act* fixed the future frame and form of government." The character of their political institutions was *determined* by the necessary laws respecting property. Nothing but a revolutionary departure from the general condition of comparative equality as regards property can change our form of government. Most "economic interpreters," including Professor Seligman, leave a large margin for "other factors." Even the Marxians, like the Utopian dreamers, will have it that man shall in time transcend the thraldom of economic laws. Daniel Webster did not palter with "other factors." "Fixed" and "determine" are his words.

Mr. Glassberg's great error was in *reading* the fathers of the American republic instead of *praising* them. Those simple and belated persons who know their Aristotle, their Machiavelli, their Raleigh, their Harrington, their James Madison, their Alexander Hamilton, their Daniel Webster, may smile softly, remembering the eternal hills that stand against the eternal stars even now as when the world was young.

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To a Persian Manuscript

By IDA O'NEIL

Behind the high white wall
There is always a garden—
A lawn, close-clipped and pale,
Studded with flowers;
There they have placed a chair
For the happy guest,
And slim high-bosomed maidens
Bring flesh and figs and wine
In bowls of peacock blue.

Beyond the minaretted gate
Go elephants in caravan,
And horsemen ride through forest tracery
Of gold and flowers
To cities
Arched and white against the sky.

These are windows
Opening on a golden world—
Blooming islands on a sea
Of dim, dust-colored vellum,
While the ripples—
Painted rhythms,
Sable characters—
Bear challenge to the wit
More potent still
Than half-guessed imagery
Of illumined page.

And as the traveller without the wall
Divines with thirsty heart
The hidden flash of fountains,
So to me, among these silent books,
Is borne the cadence of a desert tongue,
And beauty blossoms here
Upon my knees.

In the Driftway

SOME people are amused to hear that Greensboro, North Carolina, has chosen to honor its native son, O. Henry, by naming a hotel for him. The Drifter, however, thinks that there is something peculiarly appropriate in this sort of memorial—an idea as unhackneyed as was O. Henry's art. He does not, indeed, like Fielding and Smollett, rely much upon inns and postroads for his comedy; but he is the epitome incarnate and laureate coronate of the shifting, hilarious, irresponsible, good-natured, humorous, human American mass that continually moves over the face of our civilization. A critic has pointed out that nearly every one of his New York stories has at least one end in the street, where he might have seen it happen and have deduced the rest. To a large degree this is characteristic of all he wrote. Others have represented the life of solid hearthstones and well-set traditions; his fame will depend upon other matters. A sort of transient in Texas, he saw the fleeting world there, and genially remembered it. Equally a transient in New York, flat-dweller and park-haunter, he saw the population by which New York is known abroad because it is the population which other transients see and describe when they are at home again.

* * * * *

APPARENTLY Miquelon is not in the market after all. The Drifter will have to change his summer plans. He had cherished visions of succeeding his superb old friend M. le Président, who endowed sleepy St. Pierre with eighteenth century charm. The Drifter had hoped, too, to make rather a good thing of it. What a summer resort for deportees! So handy for Canada, which is just organizing her denaturalizing agencies, and so convenient for the United States already engaged in a thriving export trade of undesirables. If wholesale denaturalization (the modern substitute for excommunication) becomes universally admissible, what unnumbered candidates there will be for the Drifter's *Ile des Déportés!* At one time he had thought of peopling his prospective island with deposed royalty (excluding the escaped ex-Crown Prince), but Stevenson-suspects would be much better company and far more productive citizens. The difficulty is to find a large enough island.

* * * * *

THE Drifter finds it hard enough to stand this trying summer weather, but every time he thinks of complaining, he remembers Kate Richards O'Hare and what she is enduring in the Missouri State Penitentiary and is silent. Mrs. O'Hare is one of the political victims of the war—in for a long sentence for hindering recruiting under the Espionage Act, that is, for making set Socialist speeches of a type to influence the fate of the country little if at all. It was a trial marked by political antagonisms and deeply affected by the public passion of war, and so this able and brave woman is losing strength under the terrible affliction of a Missouri summer behind the bars. "I want you, my children and my husband, to feel that you have only loaned me for a time to those who need me far more bitterly than you do," this criminal wrote at Easter, and she still looks upon her imprisonment as giving her a new place of service. When the Drifter thinks that the United States has come to the pass of imprisoning women as well as men for political reasons, just as Wilhelm and the Czar and that elder rascal, Franz Josef, did, he feels depressed indeed. But he cheers himself with the hope that there must come soon the day of amnesty for Debs, Mrs. O'Hare, and all the rest. The French Chamber of Deputies is to vote on one for France. Why should not the great democrat in the White House give us an example of Christian forgiveness and mercy at once? No single act would do so much to allay the growing popular unrest and unhappiness.

THE DRIFTER

Contributors to this Issue

J. W. BRADFORD is the pen-name of a well-known teacher and writer.

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JOHN KENNETH TURNER is the author of "A Pledge to the World," in *The Nation* of July 5.

JUDSON KING is executive secretary of the National Popular Government League.

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Correspondence

For Humanity

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a letter to *The Nation* of June 7, Dr. Henry Van Dyke attempts to refute the statement, made by Mr. John F. Moors of Boston, that he has been "preaching bitterness and hate," but no better proof of the truth of the accusation could be found than the letter itself. It is possible that a victorious Germany under the Kaiser might have dictated more drastic and humiliating peace terms, but why put ourselves on a plane with imperial Germany? It is disappointing that the church, in all the warring nations, has simply caught the national spirit, the national prejudices, and accepted the national misrepresentations. It seems to me that it is mostly outside the church that any comprehensive human view has been taken, that any attempt to bridge the chasm dividing humanity has been made. The church clamors for revenge, and it is not on "the Potsdam gang" that we are taking vengeance, but on the German people.

No one can accuse me of being pro-German. Every drop of blood in my veins is British. And I am one of those to whom the war has brought days of anxiety and nights of anguish. I am not pro-German, but I trust that I am pro-Humanity; and when the fatal word came telling me that the pure young life of my own dear boy had been added to the sacrificed youth of all the nations, I thank God that even then I could have met the German mothers to whom similar tidings had brought the same pang of heart and could have clasped their hands in grief and sympathy.

Calgary, Canada, July 7 MARION CARSON

Mr. Spargo Defends Himself

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reviewing my "Bolshevism" in your issue of July 5, you say: "The chapter dealing with the war and the people is not free from serious error. Mr. Spargo says: 'It can be said with sincerity and the fullest sanction that the war was not unpopular; that it was accepted by the greater part of the people as a just and moreover a necessary war.' There is no indication upon what his opinion is based, but the author's purpose in picturing the Russian people so strongly in favor of the war becomes apparent to the reader when the Bolsheviks appear on the political stage. It is they, Mr. Spargo cries, who agitated against the war when everybody else was in favor of it!"

In my book, which this is supposed to represent to your readers, I say: "The war against Austria and Germany was not unpopular. Certainly there was never an occasion when a declaration of war by their rulers roused so little resentment among the Russian people. *Wars are practically never popular with the great mass of the people in any country, and this is especially true of autocratically governed countries.* The heavy burdens which all great wars impose upon the laboring class, as well as upon the petty bourgeoisie, cause even the most righteous wars to be regarded with dread and sorrow. The memory of the war with Japan was too fresh and too bitter to make it possible for the mass of the Russian people to welcome the thought of another war. *It cannot, therefore, in truth be said that the war with the Central Empires was popular.* But it can be said with sincerity and the fullest sanction that the war was not unpopular; that it was accepted by the greater part of the people as a just and, moreover, a necessary war. Opposition to the war was not greater in Russia than in England or France, or, later, in America. *Of course, there were religious pacifists and socialists who opposed the war and denounced it, as they would have denounced any other war, on general principles, no matter what the issues involved might be,* but their number and their influence were small and quite unimportant" (page 76).

"It can hardly be questioned or doubted that, if the war had been bitterly resented by the masses it would have precipitated revolution instead of retarding it. From this point of view the war was a deplorable disaster. That no serious attempt was made to bring about a revolution at that time is the best possible evidence that the declaration of war did not enrage the people. *If not a popular and welcome event, therefore, the declaration of war by the Czar was not an unpopular one.* Never before since his accession to the throne had Nicholas II had the support of the nation to anything like the same extent" (page 77).

I submit, sir, that these paragraphs from my book show conclusively that the paragraph quoted from your review, pretending to summarize my argument, is a piece of misrepresentation. Perhaps you will be good enough—fair enough, to print this letter for the benefit of those of your readers who may have refrained from surrendering their love of truthfulness and honorable criticism to the evil passion of Bolshevism. Perhaps you will find it possible, also, to explain why pro-Bolshevist journals are so uniformly addicted to this practice of misrepresentation and deceit.

Old Bennington, Vt., July 14 JOHN SPARGO

An Unpublished Letter of Machiavelli's

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Notwithstanding the enormous interest in Machiavelli and the consequent large amount of study given to his life and works, comparatively few of his private letters have been published. Much of his correspondence with Vettori, known to exist in Florentine archives, is withheld from publication on the alleged ground of its indecency. As Professor Ludwig von Pastor, who has read the letters, has plead, this is really no sufficient reason for keeping from scholars material which has a great deal of political as well as of private interest.

The unpublished letter of which I here offer a translation is found in that rich collection of autographs made by Frederic A. Dreer and now in the Pennsylvania Historical Society, from which much new and valuable material has only recently begun to be drawn. The letter, written from Florence on February 15, 1520-21, is addressed to Giovanni Vernacci, a son of the writer's sister Primerana, and a merchant of Pera. The answer to the letter, dated Pera, May 8, 1521, was found and published by Pasquale Villari (*Niccolò Machiavelli e i suoi Tempi*, 2d ed, 1897, vol. iii, pp. 400ff).

The champion of all faithlessness and violence, of all hypocrisy and guile in the conduct of the state, was in private life gentle, affectionate, and true to trust. To Vernacci, whose large interests at Florence he prudently managed, he stood in the relation almost of a father. At the time that this particular letter was written the young man had just inherited a considerable property from a lady called Mona Vaggia; one of the other legatees was a certain Pietro Venturi. The letter is also interesting for its illustration of the customs of the period. Be it noticed that funds were deposited in convents and in *monti*, in this case not pawnbrokers' shops (*monti di pietà*), but papal banks established for the purpose of public finance (*monti di fede*).

Cambridge, Mass., June 4 PRESERVED SMITH

"Dearest Giovanni: I am a little tardy in answering your letters because you wrote me several times, 'I am coming in a month,' but now that I see you have not come, I will write you what has happened. I have your letter with the power of attorney (*procura*), but when I wanted to change your deposit at the bank (*monte*), I found that the power of attorney was not in the right form; I am therefore sending you one in the right form. When you return it, I will make the change as you wish.

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From Mona Vaggia's estate you will get a note for 266 florins at seven per cent. and also sixty-three and one-third florins deposited to your account at the convent. I was going to leave them there, hoping that you would return, but I will take them out and put them at seven per cent. interest. . . . I shall also try and see whether Pietro Venturi is going to take possession of the farm, and how much he wishes to be paid in hand. I have assigned him the harvests for this year. . . . We are all well and await you. Come back for your trust and as quickly as possible. Christ guard you.

"*February 15, 1520* NICOLO MACHIAVEGLI IN FLORENCE

"To Signor Giovanni di Francisco Vernacci in Pera, in Pera [*sic*]."

The Correll Affair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Association for the Protection of American Rights in Mexico seems to be an organization intended to cause trouble. At the present time, in order to strengthen the alleged demand for intervention, it is exploiting the Correll affair. Since the men who murdered Correll are alleged to have worn the uniform of Mexican soldiers, that is conclusive evidence, to the Association, that General Carranza and General Lopez de Lara have determined to exterminate all Americans. It does not take into account the possibility that these men were deserters; that they were rebels masquerading in the federal uniform; or that the uniforms were furnished by certain interests anxious to bring about intervention. Such things have happened. Recently in Douglas, Arizona, Negro troops attacked and killed five civilians, among them a Mexican citizen. Here we have a case not only of "men in the uniform" of American soldiers murdering a foreigner, but actual American soldiers doing so. Near Presidio, Texas, a detachment of Negro cavalry crossed the Mexican border, and, after beating and robbing a shop-keeper whom they had refused to pay for articles which they had bought, killed five innocent civilians whom they met on their way back to the United States. Why does not the Association for the Protection of American Rights investigate these cases also? With reference to the subject of uniforms and the responsibility incurred by the Government in issuing such uniforms for the acts of any individual wearing them, you may remember that in the recent riots in New York, in which "men in the uniform" of American soldiers attacked the police, the War Department declared that it could not be responsible for the actions of thousands of discharged soldiers who still retained their service uniforms. Why, then, should President Carranza be held responsible in a similar situation?

Humboldt, Tenn., July 11 JOHN C. KELLY

A Shocking Revelation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you, through your columns, call to the attention of Senator Lusk and his committee the existence of a revolutionary document as sinister in its implication as any pamphlet yet discovered by the committee's hard-working yeggmen? This document is at present on an open shelf in the library of the Union League Club of this city. The younger members of this organization are constantly exposed to the dangers of absorbing the insidious doctrines therein contained. Indeed there is nothing to prevent its perusal on the part of the Assistant Counsel of Senator Lusk's Committee, who, it is said, is himself a member of this club. I refer to Volume I of "The Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln," by Nicolay and Hay, in which Lincoln is quoted as saying: "To secure to each laborer the *whole* product of his labor, or as nearly as possible, is a worthy object of any good government."

Cannot some effective action be taken against an organization that consciously harbors such seditious matter? Are we to sit supine while the fine flower of our Republican manhood is thus menaced by the scythe of the Red Reaper? Archibald Stevenson is a man of action. Is he not just returned from the embattled front of the Intelligence Department at Washington? Surely it is enough to apprize him of this distressful fact and he will have out the State Constabulary and the private detective agency and our overseas friend Mr. Nathan, and there will be doings at Thirty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue.

New York, July 11 MCALISTER COLEMAN

A Third Party

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of Mr. Allen McCurdy's eloquent appeal for a new political party somewhere between the Socialist and the party of order and stability, permit me to inform Mr. McCurdy's readers that an attempt has been made to fill this void. In New York, Pennsylvania, and several other States, a Single Tax party has been formally organized and launched.

For the present the Single Taxers are a "One Plank party"; their sole issue is the socialization, that is, the conversion into the public treasury, of all values which arise from a gift of nature or from the movements of population. *Per contra*, the Single Tax party proposes, in opposition to the Socialist, to leave in private possession, absolutely untaxed, all those forms of wealth which originate in the visible and tangible exertion of human labor. In different language, the Single Tax party proposes to confiscate all monopolistic forms of wealth, and then scrupulously to protect all competitive wealth from taxation or other governmental interference.

Whether this will satisfy Mr. McCurdy's ideal of an active third (or is it second?) national party I shall not venture to surmise. I merely submit the fact for his consideration.

Fort Oglethorpe, July 6 MALCOLM C. BURKE

Sir Oracle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Congratulations on the sledge-hammer blows you are dealing the iniquitous treaty of peace and the arch egotist, Woodrow Wilson—a peace conceived in egotism and greed. I, for one, am tired of "Sir Oracle," who desires that when he opes his lips, no dog shall bark.

Chicago, July 22 H. E. HORTON

A Laboring Man's Opinion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a laboring man and a reader of *The Nation*, and I want to say that the letter from a United States Judge in your issue of July 12 voices my sentiments. As a seeker and a stickler for the truth, I am glad to be privileged to read *The Nation*.

Wichita, Kan., July 19 H. A. WILKEY

One of the Satisfied

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of July 12 I noticed "A Letter from a United States Judge." I wish to endorse his statement and to add that I admire your fearlessness, your courage of conviction, your devotion to the truth, and your fairness. No matter how much one may differ with you, you do not indulge in the now popular sport of abusing your opponents. You are satisfied with a plain statement of fact.

Cleveland, July 11 A. J. G.

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Literature

Pensions That Are Not Pensions

Carnegie Pensions. By J. McKeen Cattell. The Science Press.

PROFESSOR CATTELL has performed a valuable service to the academic profession and to the cause of educational administration by publishing in book-form a series of documents showing the sentiment of professors toward the flagrant mismanagement of the important trust instituted for their benefit by the wise philanthropy of Mr. Carnegie. The striking testimony of more than two hundred professors reflects a widespread distrust of the Foundation and a determined protest against further commitment of educational or professional interests to those responsible for the disaster. Statistically by a vote in the proportion of fifty to one, the professors indicate a desire for some other coöperative provision for their pensions and annuities.

The pathetic aspect of the situation is that the Trustees of the Foundation (with possible exceptions) are men who command and justly command the large respect of the community that knows them best. There is no charge against them except that of following an unwise leader given to questionable methods of enforcing his will; and this charge must be considerably mitigated, with proper apologies to those concerned, by allowance for the minority who may have protested unavailingly. It is the system of control that is the actual culprit; and trying Mr. Pritchett for the havoc wrought might prove as spectacular and as futile as trying the Kaiser, though with the difference that the Kaiser of the Carnegie Foundation is more directly and personally responsible for policies pursued than any imperial ruler can be.

Retrospectively there is occasion to recall only that the Foundation started with noble aims and fine policies, but with a notion of what could be done with ten or fifteen million dollars that was as creditable in ambition as it was puerile in miscalculation. Instead of frankly admitting the error and confining their efforts to such portion of the field as their finances could provide for, instead of inviting the coöperation of the universities and of the professors in the original programme, the authorities had recourse to the specious defence that the good of the profession required the abandonment of one and another of the provisions by which they had gained general approval of their proposals; they further insinuated that the members of the teaching profession were so variously unworthy that they were certain to abuse any privilege open to their option. At last the inevitable could be no longer postponed and bankruptcy was imminent. A substitute (?) plan was drawn up by which in the future the universities and the professors are to pay for their retiring allowances and insurance policies out of their own pockets; the Carnegie Foundation, after spending its accumulated millions in settling with its creditors (the professors of the accredited institutions), will become merely a body to provide the overhead expenses and management of a company which, in the opinion of many, could be better administered under associations free from the suspicion of external control. Worthy as such a provision is or may become under management of the professors themselves, the project is in no sense a replacement of the earlier ambitious plan. What is galling is that a compromise measure (which the Association of American Professors refuses to accept because it does not live up to the terms of the armistice arranged by a joint commission) should be put forward by the Foundation as a far worthier and more ample solution, with never a word of regret or confession of error. The self-whitewashing of the Carnegie Foundation by its President is responsible for Professor Cattell's decision to place in accessible form a searching account of the actual facts of the case. The Foundation's record is full of evasion, shuffling, misstatement, omission of important and damaging points, assumption of a lofty superiority, and all the attendant qualities of the autocratic psychology.

It is in this regard that the case of the Carnegie Foundation is serious and significant. The bottom of the trouble is desire for control and a distrust of any measure of self-determination. When things go badly, it is well that they should go badly enough to compel reform. It was the terrible extreme of the Prussian policy that lured it to destruction. The use of the Carnegie endowment to bring pressure to bear upon colleges and universities to raise their standards, to give up their too exclusive denominational control, holding as a reward the participation in the benefits offered, was from the outset a dangerous procedure; but it could be defended as a practical method of meeting important needs. If assistance, rather than control, had been adopted as the policy of the "Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching," it might have escaped the disasters which have befallen it. If a few professors had been placed upon the Board, the Foundation would have been in a position to defend its action; it is well that the Board was autocratically consistent and is alone responsible for the present state of affairs. As a shocking example of how not to direct educational interests, the history of the Foundation may still contribute to the advancement of the teaching profession. The hope lies in a right-about-face determination to place the affairs of the Foundation in the hands of those for whom Mr. Carnegie provided substantial benefits. It is quite clear that the Foundation alone cannot accomplish this end; but it may serve as the means of bringing it about by pointing the way, and securing the aid of the Universities and the professors. The day of Prussianism is past, even in academic institutions.

Vienna and Paris

The Congress of Vienna. By C. K. Webster. Oxford University Press.

The Great European Treaties of the Nineteenth Century. Edited by Sir Augustus Oakes and R. B. Mowatt. Oxford: The Clarendon Press.

A Peace Congress of Intrigue (Vienna—1815). Compiled by Frederick Freksa. Translated by Harry Hansen. New York: The Century Co.

IT has long been the fashion to mention the Congress of Vienna only to make disparaging remarks about the men who attended it and the work which they accomplished. This was particularly the case after the armistice was signed last November and a peace conference at Paris became imminent. We were assured that the statesmen whose privilege it would be to reconstruct a world in ruins and redraw the map of Europe would not resort to manœuvre and compromise as did Castlereagh, Metternich, and Talleyrand. Dwelling in the upper atmospheres of the new idealism they would not even recall such discredited principles of statecraft as the "Balance of Power." Everybody seemed to have forgotten the ancient warning, "Let not him that girdeth on his armor boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Professor Webster's book is evidence that in the British Foreign Office there is another attitude toward the work of the Congress of Vienna, for it appears as one of the publications of the Historical Section of that Office. The third of the three volumes under review, "A Peace Congress of Intrigue," is more worth while than its ill-chosen title would imply. It is made up of selections from contemporary letters, diaries, and reminiscences. Among the writers are the Baron von Nostitz, of the Czar's suite, William von Humboldt, the working member of the Prussian delegation, Talleyrand, and Baron vom Stein, whom the translator persists in calling *von* Stein. The translator is also not always happy in his renderings, for the celebrated *bon mot*, "Le Congrès danse, mais ne s'avance pas" is given as "The Congress dances, but makes no progress." The remaining volume of the three furnishes a convenient collection of the principal treaties of the nineteenth century. Each is accompanied by an historical introduction, and the whole is

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prefaced by a valuable chapter on the technique of treaty making, a subject rather new to the layman.

As one turns over the pages of the volume on "A Peace Congress of Intrigue," one discovers that the criticisms aimed at the conduct of the diplomats of 1814 have a strangely modern sound. On November 9, 1814, the diary of the Archduke John of Austria contained these words: "It is a miserable commerce, this trading with lands and human beings. We cursed Napoleon and his system, and justly; he degraded mankind, and the very princes who fought against it are walking in his footsteps. Apparently we fought only against his person and not against his system." If for "Napoleon" and "princes" be substituted "William II" and "Allied Powers," the sentences might have been written last month. In January, 1815, the Archduke wrote: "God save us from everything which may be interpreted as consenting to the plans of the covetous. . . . The people, who did everything for the good cause, will not let themselves be played with." The Countess Bernstorff recorded in her reminiscences the feeling that the nations "had put the long rule of oppression behind them" and had determined to "order anew their political relations." This sounds almost as if it had been proposed at Vienna to "make the world safe for democracy."

There is another resemblance, less obviously superficial, between Paris and Vienna. At both a principle was utilized to set bounds to dynastic or national greed. A good deal of indignant scorn has been poured upon Talleyrand's principle of "legitimacy," which simply recognized the claims of historical states to be preserved, or to be restored if they had disappeared during Napoleon's activities as a map-maker. At all events the application of Talleyrand's formula led to fewer acts of oppression than seem inevitable under the interpretation given by the Paris Conference to the principle of "self-determination," utilizing it to cover with an appearance of justice the deliberate effort to cripple a defeated and helpless people. As Professor Webster points out in his illuminating account of the Congress, Talleyrand's principle was not applied consistently, because the idea of the "Balance of Power" appealed with peculiar force to the statesmen of that day; they had recently suffered from the domination of a single man and a single country. Nevertheless, Talleyrand's principle was of distinct service in preventing the seizure of the whole of Saxony by Prussia and in reassuring small states which had no other means of resisting the appetites of powerful neighbors.

It is a curious fact that Great Britain succeeded in 1814 in persuading her allies to waive the question of the Freedom of the Seas, although two of them had been intimately associated with both the Armed Neutrality of 1780 and that of 1801. Castlereagh, Professor Webster explains, sought to get this delicate question out of the way before he went to Vienna. He did not announce Britain's intention to maintain her conception of her "rights" on the sea so loudly as did Winston Churchill last fall, but the results were the same. The question was no more discussed at Vienna than it has been at Paris.

In one sense the task at Vienna was simpler than that at Paris, because the terms to which the defeated state—in this case France—was compelled to subscribe had been signed on May 30, several months before the Congress met. France could therefore take her place at the council table. Her fate being already determined, having nothing either to gain or lose, she could play the part of a disinterested supporter of rightful claims likely to receive scant notice during the struggles of the victorious states. Moreover, the prejudice against France, much as Napoleon had been hated by his enemies, was as nothing compared with the fear and hatred of Germany at the present moment. The Napoleonic wars had lasted long, but never until 1813 had they become a life-and-death struggle of whole peoples. Their emotional effects were mainly individual and local. In 1814 magnanimity was still a virtue. Only Blücher and his Prussian followers regarded it as criminal weakness.

The Congress of Vienna was managed by a small group of men, as the Conference of Paris has been. Professor Webster points out that the Committee of Five, which included France in the person of Talleyrand, and which was fully constituted in January, 1815, was the real Congress of Vienna. So probably the "Big Four" will appear to the future historian as the Conference of Paris. There were commissions then as now.

Professor Webster is not an apologist for the Congress of Vienna. He says that the statesmen of that time were men of expedients, who did little beyond the obvious, and that with the exception of Alexander, they were opponents of the idea of self-government. Future generations had little to thank them for, he adds, except a long breathing-space between wars. Will the Conference of Paris give posterity reason on this ground to be indulgent toward its errors?

The Beginnings of the Red Cross

Le Berceau de la Croix Rouge. By Alexis François, Professeur à l'Université de Genève. Genève: Jullien.

THE history of the Red Cross, and the history of the idea of the Red Cross, are two very separate things. The first can be traced—if not to the Good Samaritan—surely many centuries back, perhaps to the Hospital of Queen Isabella, at the time of the siege of Granada in 1492. One finds it again in the Frauenverein in Frankfort in 1813; in the Society for the Transportation of the Wounded during the War of the Sonderbund in Switzerland, in 1847; in the various organizations for the care of the wounded during the Crimean War (especially that of Florence Nightingale); in the three thousand Women's Committees in America during the Civil War, and in the Sanitary Commission. The history of that special institution now called the Red Cross begins on the evening of the battle of Solferino (June 24, 1859) in the mind of the man who has since been called "the Samaritan of Castiglione."

Jean Henri Dunant, the founder of the Red Cross, is a somewhat difficult figure to deal with. Certainly, on close examination, he turns out to be a not very superior type of humanity. He approached Napoleon III three days after Solferino, in one hand a request for help for the thousands of wounded soldiers, and in the other an elaborate request to take stock in a business undertaking of his. It is painful to find how often personal vanity plays a prominent part in his efforts for the great cause. And finally, it is too bad to know how a none too honorable financial catastrophe ended the career of the famous philanthropist. The author of the book before us does not try to ascribe Dunant's acts to a genuinely Christian motive, or to personal vanity, or to any other cause: "Avec ce diable d'homme, on ne sait jamais."

This, however, is relatively unimportant. What the book notably gives is a very good acquaintance with the chief events connected with the founding of the Red Cross. The book opens with a description of the evening of the battle of Solferino. Then we read successively of the episode of the thirteen Austrian physicians and the twenty-four ambulance men made prisoners and released so that they might assist in taking care of the wounded in Castiglione; of the four pioneers (one clergyman and three students of theology) who went from Geneva as civilians to military hospitals; of the publication of Dunant's *Souvenirs de Solferino;* of the Société d'Utilité Publique, in Geneva, which took up Dunant's suggestion; of the journey of Dunant to Germany to win over Prussia and some of the other German States; of the gathering of the preliminary Conference at Geneva in October, 1863; of the careful drawing up of the first draft of the Convention; of the "agitation" to gather delegates; and finally of the actual compact, or *Convention,* which was signed at Geneva on August 22, 1864.

Throughout these pages much stress is laid upon the fact that the Red Cross is above all things a Genevese institution. In the first place, this fine consummation of a difficult struggle was the work of five men of very different types indeed, all contributing in their own way to its success, but all of them gen-

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uine sons of Geneva: Henri Dunant, General Dufour, Dr. Appia, Dr. Maunoir, and Gustave Moynier. Their achievement required an enormous amount of work, a great deal of organizing ability, and no end of diplomatic skill. They had to persuade the military powers to give up their exclusive rights on the battlefields; then they had to entice the great nations to join by all sorts of arguments. They had to use all their strength in preventing the various powers from overshadowing each other in the society. The Papal States, Austria, and Bavaria remained out on religious grounds (for a time) because the City of Calvin was not, in their opinion, the place for an international organization.

In the second place, M. François shows that it was really in keeping with the oldest traditions of Geneva to take the lead in the foundation of the Red Cross. Geneva had been the home of many humanitarian movements. Genevans are proud, for instance, of their Bishop Adhémar Fabri, who in the thirteenth century gave to the citizens a charter of political freedom far in advance of the time; Geneva was later the refuge of many who were persecuted for their religion. Two centuries later, came Rousseau, that eager and most ardent advocate of human rights. Indeed, Rousseau is the man who formulated the very principle which underlies the institution of the Red Cross, in his famous definition of War: "La guerre n'est pas une relation d'homme à homme, mais une relation d'état à état dans laquelle les hommes ne sont ennemis qu'accidentellement. . . . La fin de la guerre étant la destruction de l'état ennemi, on a le droit d'en tuer les défenseurs tant qu'ils ont les armes à la main; mais sitôt qu'ils les posent et se rendent, cessant d'être ennemis ou instruments de l'ennemi, ils redeviennent simples hommes et on n'a plus de droit sur leur vie. . . La guerre ne donne aucun droit qui ne soit nécessaire à sa fin." So that M. François has a right to say: "La convention de Genève, qu'est-ce en effet, sinon la première application rigoreuse des principes du Contrat Social?"

And in the third place, not only did Geneva have this theory about war, but the theory had been applied there before 1864, by a man who would be world-famous had he lived in a larger country. General Dufour is the man who succeeded in bringing to an end within twenty-five days, and almost without shedding any blood, a war which threatened to be one of the most bloody wars ever waged in Switzerland, the war of the Sonderbund. And he did it after giving to his troops one of the most admirable documents humanity possesses, the rules of warfare of a general who believed that war—if it must be fought at all—must be fought in a spirit of humanity. His code of warfare is intensely unlike that of the German General Staff in 1914, and yet a more virile document it would be difficult to produce. This was the man who presided over the delegates at Geneva in 1864. So here again are justified M. François's claims that back of the whole movement one may recognize the soul of old Geneva: "L'âme quelquefois un peu troublée, mais largement humaine de la vieille Genève cosmopolite et religeuse qui, pour la troisième fois, trouve en elle la force, non seulement de réaliser, mais d'universaliser un ordre d'idées: après la Réforme de Calvin, après la Démocratie de Rousseau, la Croix Rouge internationale."

M. François lays less stress than one would expect on the fact that Geneva, being in a neutral country, is a natural seat for an international organization, particularly in war-time, perhaps because he mentions in another place that the special character of the inhabitants of Geneva marked them as the natural initiators of this movement which has gone so far beyond his dreamings, while also, it must be confessed, losing much of its original character. However this may be, the exceptional national traits of the people of Geneva have recently been recognized again, for to the honor of having been the cradle of the French Reformation, of democracy, and of the Red Cross, has been added that of becoming the seat of the League of Nations.

New Worlds and Old

The Home and the World. By Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Hidden Valley. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company.

Miss Fingal. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Across the Stream. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Democracy. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE poems and plays of Rabindranath Tagore, which have given comfort and pleasure to so many people, have always filled others with discomfort. For these famous productions seem never to have reached the point of crystallization, but to be indistinguishable waves of a vague sea of emotional mysticism. And in a world so plainly at the mercy of loose thinking and ungoverned feeling, their wide appeal was no encouraging sign. It is altogether different with "The Home and the World." Not only can Tagore build a novel, he can build it on an original plan; he can project character; he can reason not only lyrically but dramatically. He is aware of the supreme truth that in any imaginative action, as in life, each character has a case which that character alone can put with all its possible force. Hence he lets each of the three chief actors in the subtle and intricate conflict which is the theme of the book narrate his own part in the story. Thus the reader gets three visions —not only of the central struggle, but of all its crucial incidents: the vision of Nikhil, the Bengalese magnate and philosopher; of Bimala, the latter's wife; and of Sandip, the nationalist agitator. That central struggle, which involves the love and married peace of Nikhil and Bimala, is one between two constant types of mind—the lover of right reason and the emotional servant of expediency, the sage and the politician, the man of love and the man of wrath. Tagore is, of course, on the side of the former. Nikhil, a figure of very high nobility and beauty, although thoroughly individualized and concrete, is the clear symbol of that spirit which is eternally in the right, eternally defeated in its own day, and eternally triumphant in the end. "It is only," Nikhil writes, "when we get to the point of letting the bird out of the cage that we can realize how free the bird has set us. Whatever we cage shackles us with desire whose bonds are stronger than those of iron chains." These words lend added point and force to the author's recent resignation of his knighthood as a protest against the cruelties of Britain in India—and not only these words, but the touch of acridness with which the character of Sandip and of the extreme nationalist movement in Bengal is drawn. In the story, as in the outer world, Nikhil is defeated and Sandip prevails. But in the heart of Bimala, as in the world of reason, Nikhil, though wounded to death, is victorious. One recalls, as one reads this profoundly wise and beautiful book, Macaulay's famous, foolish description of the Bengalese character, and wonders whether even then there were not men in Bengal who were masters of a political wisdom to which the busy and brilliant Whig had no intellectual access. Today, at least, the India of Nikhil has a message which the confused West may well heed.

"The Hidden Valley" is like the faint voice of a half-forgotten world. It is full of pleasant, healthy English people of the upper middle classes. They all have assured incomes and country houses and perfectly closed minds. They are great lovers of the out-of-doors and of sports and of the high sense of honor and fairness which sports are supposed to breed. They are kind to the lower classes, but will stand no nonsense. They show, here and there, some mild relenting in matters of social propriety. But it is a relenting of opinion only, not of action. They have a weakness for the rake, who is rich, handsome, fascinating, and reluctantly condemned. But you must stick out even the most hideous marriage, because not to do so is "not

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playing cricket." One suspects that they would consider most of the hopeful things now going on in the world as "not playing cricket." They are quite innocent of thought or art, and aside from the supreme concern of sports are interested solely in the very official human relationship which they call love. And so the story of the book is a love-story, all the other serious interests of life being merely shadowy background for the very thin emotional experiences of Sheila Travers. That young woman herself is a sort of ideal of her type and class—athletic, boyishly handsome, a little dry and hard of temper, though attractive enough. On her and her mild little adventures Miss Hine expends great and competent care. As a piece of mere craftsmanship the book is, indeed, remarkably well done.

"Miss Fingal" and "Across the Stream" possess in an even higher degree than "The Hidden Valley" the merit of fine workmanship. Mrs. Clifford's tone and method are very mellow; Mr. Benson has his inevitable touch of the garish and the excessive. But the art of both is ripe and flexible. Their scenes, especially the fine Italian landscapes of Mr. Benson, are admirably rendered; their characters live with a strong if not very lasting life. Mrs. Clifford lavishes on the figure of Miss Fingal a world of patient and experienced art; Mr. Benson uses all his dash and color to make the figure of Archie both brilliant and exquisite. And yet these books are, in any deep and serious sense, unimportant. It is not because Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Benson have chosen these people and not others. It is because in drawing these characters and telling these stories they have been too little concerned with memory, which is the mother of the creative imagination, and too much concerned with a fancy that grows out of emotional impulses and builds a vain and fleeting shadow world above that reality from which arises all our suffering but likewise all that we know of beauty. The stories of both books deal with the supposed communication between the living and the dead. Facts of the utmost questionableness and theories of the most baseless improbability are treated as established in the practice and experience of life. A London reviewer has spoken of "Miss Fingal" as giving "a new clew to a baffling mystery of existence." Can irresponsible speech go beyond that? What all the philosophers and poets, the sages and scientists have striven for in vain—that, we are to believe, is within the grasp of a novelist of the third rank. The curious thing is that Mrs. Clifford believes it to be within her grasp; Mr. Benson believes it to be within his. Neither, in a word, has ever faced the real nature of the problem or the limitations of average minds, or has reflected on the insurmountable difficulties of the question of human evidence. They have deliberately built their novels upon a foundation more insecure than the shifting sand. And no amount of talent or skill in the details of execution can save them from the result. "Thought," wrote Rémy de Gourmont, "is the man himself. And style and thought are one."

Mr. Shaw Desmond is crude compared to older British novelists like Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Benson. He is overemphatic and almost breathless. His book is not likely to be more permanent than theirs. And it is, no doubt, very much worse done. But he has one advantage over them. He has the day and its actuality on his side. During its brief existence his book will be more thoroughly alive than theirs. He gives in it a sufficiently strong account, in terms of fiction, of the British labor movement, of its intellectual turmoil, its clashing forces, its deep inner seriousness. His hero, Denis Destin, develops from a shop assistant into a rather neurasthenic agitator. About him surge the parties of the right and the left, each with its sharply and ruggedly defined leaders. He comes, like so many men in all countries today, to despair utterly of Parliamentary methods, and joins the proclaimers of direct action. But when the general strike is attempted, all of society's resources of power are relentlessly hurled against it, and the maddened, foiled, and terrified people crucify their own leader. It is more than a little turbulent and melodramatic. But it has the genuine value, however moderate, that belongs to every expression of an impassioned contact of the mind with real things and problems.

Books in Brief

IN the Princess Catacuzène's "Revolutionary Days: Recollections of Romanoffs and Bolsheviki" (Small, Maynard), a Russian Princess of American nativity gives us a record of events and experiences before and after the Revolution. The book contains familiar stories about the notorious Rasputin and his influence upon the Empress, the weakness of the Czar, and the plotting of the Court circles. The author constantly refers to "the Sovereign" with worshipful admiration, but has nothing but such terms as "rabble" and "mob" for the suffering millions who rose against the Czar when they could no longer bear the misery and oppression which his cruel régime entailed. She says that Kerensky "was drawn into Rodzianko's group; and with his then sincere enthusiasm he undertook the task of quelling this bedlam. He managed to do so amazingly well; and that the Duma was not massacred, it owed to his eloquence." She fails to state, however, that what infuriated the people was the Duma's attempt to saddle them with another Romanoff, and that while the workmen battled and died in the streets of Petrograd, Rodzianko was trying to effect a compromise with the Czar by asking first for a responsible cabinet and later for his abdication in favor of the young Czarevitch. The author takes it for granted that the Bolsheviki were in German pay. She faithfully repeats tales of Bolshevist assassinations and pillage, though she and her husband, a former general and a prince, were politely and considerately treated. She is surprised at this circumstance, for all the general wretchedness and starvation she innocently attributes to the Bolsheviki rather than to the Czar's corrupt and inefficient rule, the ravages of the war, and the appalling disorganization following in its train. The book contains numerous inaccuracies. The author says that during the capture of the Winter Palace, the Women's Battalion of Death lost half of its personnel in killed and wounded. An official investigation made by a commission composed of non-Bolsheviki established the fact that not a single woman soldier had been killed or wounded in the fighting. Furthermore, the author says that "everywhere in the Capital there had been a high carnival of bloodshed and riots, assassinations and arrests—a page of the March performance greatly exaggerated." This, again, is contradicted by direct evidence that, except for the battle at the palace and the small loss of life accompanying it, the city remained wholly calm on the day referred to, as well as for several days afterwards. The statement that Lenin's followers, "as they demanded the maximum of socialism, took the name of 'Maximalists'—in Russian, 'Bolsheviki'—and became a declared party" in the summer of 1917, is amusing. The author dubs Trotzky "an anarchist," and calls Chernoff (the cultured leader of the moderate Social Revolutionaries) "uneducated."

SO many books are salutary without being readable that an exception is refreshing. Walter Lippman, in "The Political Scene" (Holt), a volume mainly reprinted from *The New Republic*, is both readable and salutary. He abounds in telling phrases, as when he pokes fun at "That New Freedom which is the Old Manchester," or points out the bewilderment of militarists when they discovered "Mr. Wilson engaged in making a peace which to them passeth all understanding." He is always cogent and clear. But water flows so swiftly under the bridge just now that the book, written before the peace treaty was published, is valuable rather as a historical study than as a contemporary comment. It conveys a pleasing sense of reports from behind the scene, as in the account of the brilliant and partially successful diplomacy by which Italy was drawn into leading the movement for dismemberment of the Austrian Empire, despite the risk involved of discrediting the Treaty of London. Mr. Lippman's enthusiasm is, of course, for that "Master of the House," a League of Nations. His belief in the covenant, despite keen and often constructive criticism of it, is heartening even to dissentients, and every one must hope

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that he is right in holding that any permanent instrument of international coöperation, however imperfect, is worth the cost of the war. The radical, however, will join issue with him at sundry points, particularly when he assumes that Anglo-Saxon hegemony is for the advantage of the whole race: "The protection of democracy is built upon the joint administration of sea-power by the British Empire and America." The radical does not want to see power thus concentrated even in the wisest hands, and in face of socialized Germany and Russia he is far from sure that the protection of democracy will be the future job of the capitalistic states. Despite his gallant liberal optimism, Mr. Lippman strikes stern notes of warning. His question, "Whether we shall have a peace on which the League can operate," must be repeated more dubiously today than when he wrote. His thought is pervaded by the recognition that "Europe as it presented itself to the old-school diplomats is gone," and he shares the incertitude whether the Continent is to be "organized from Paris or disorganized from Moscow." He holds valiantly to the "slim hope" of the former process; but one feels traces in his mind of that deep apprehension which has since the writing increased in all honest men of his school. The book is appropriately dedicated to the memory of Willard D. Straight, and ends with a convenient reprint of the text of the covenant.

LABRADOR and Wilfred T. Grenfell are names that long since became inseparable. The many who, like the reviewer (and he still feels it after an interval of fourteen years), have felt the inspiration of Dr. Grenfell's oral presentation of the hard, bleak, but often really rich life of the Labrador folk, will be glad to resume their contact with him and his chosen field of service through the most recent of his books, "Labrador Days" (Houghton Mifflin Company). Like its predecessors, this volume contains a collection of round, unvarnished tales which class as fiction, but which the reader feels to be more or less faithful transcripts of personal experience among a people inured to hardship and capable of great heroisms. As a writer of short stories, Dr. Grenfell is old-fashioned; old-fashioned in his willing faith in the courage and the goodness of men, in his sincere and wholesome cheerfulness, and in his straightforward, unprofessionalized manner. He only speaks right on—a plain, blunt man that loves his friends. Real believers in men, and lovers of real simplicity in life and style, will here find at least a brief respite from the barren smartnesses of the commercial short-story hero, and from the artificialities of pumped-up platform and editorial optimism.

THE student of French literary history will find much interesting gossip on the Romantic period in "François Buloz et Ses Amis: La Vie Littéraire sous Louis Philippe" (Paris: Calmann-Levy), by Madame Marie-Louise Pailleron. Daughter of the dramatist who gave us "Le monde où l'on s'ennuie," Madame Pailleron is also the granddaughter of the great editor who for over forty years directed the fortunes of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and to the data patiently gleaned from his papers and letter files she has added many a story related by her mother, who grew up among the generation of 1830 and whose inspiration is acknowledged in the dedication. First published, most fittingly, in the great review which, since the thirties, has played so large a part in French letters, these articles are now gathered into a chatty volume containing many unpublished letters of Buloz, Vigny, Brizeux, Sainte-Beuve, Mérimée, George Sand, Musset, and others of lesser celebrity. For these indeed the book will be welcomed, so thoroughly have the Romanticists impressed upon us the importance of their personalities! But the real value of all this literary gossip lies in its reflection of the rôle played by the great review, as its chief interest is the intimate portrait of the man Buloz. Shrewd, clever, and far-sighted, managing his vain and hypersensitive contributors by a hundred methods, suggesting subjects, urging the idle, ever on the look-out for new authors, new articles, or new fields of influence, pushing sales and subscriptions in every capital or colonial city which promised a handful of cultivated readers, wheedling, driving, vitalizing his whole staff—a velvet glove on an iron hand—Buloz might serve as a model for budding magazine editors in our schools of journalism, could one capture his divining of talent, his vision and breadth of sympathy. The volume contains several portraits, mainly sketches by the versatile Alfred de Musset, from the archives which yielded so many of the letters, the invaluable Collection Spoelberch de Lovenjoul, now housed in the museum at Chantilly.

EVERY great work is its own best interpreter if only it is given a fair chance. Of no book is this truer than of the Bible, and yet no book has suffered more from interpreters who distort facts for the sake of private or official theories and dogmas. The peculiar excellence of Dr. Frank Grant Lewis's "How the Bible Grew" (University of Chicago Press) is that it goes little beyond the pages of the Bible for materials and that it puts higher criticism within the reach of every reader. The only texts necessary are the Revised Version, the Jewish Scriptures, the Apocrypha, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate in English translations. The book is intended primarily for the theological classroom, but it is equally valuable for the layman interested in biblical criticism. The method of approach is as simple as it is obvious. Instead of the usual procedure, which begins with Genesis and ends with Revelation, and which plunges the inexperienced student into the mysteries of the Elohistic and the Jahvistic texts, this book carries the reader back from the New Testament to Jesus, the son of Sirach (about 200 B. C.), to Ezra and Nehemiah (about 450 B. C.), and so on, till it reaches the original sources that make up the several parts of the Bible. It is not till we reach page 82 that we come to the two versions which are distinguished by the names given to God, Elohim and Jahveh, the so-called E and J texts. The results of higher criticism are thus simply and convincingly presented, and the facts marshalled by logic and scholarship completely rout the forces of prejudice. The same method is applied to the New Testament, which becomes a human document with its marks of compilation and editing clearly revealed.

Quite different is the smaller volume, "Reading the Bible" (Macmillan Company), containing three lectures delivered on the Stone Foundation at Princeton Theological Seminary by Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale University. The subjects of the lectures are "Reading the Bible," "St. Paul as Letter-Writer," and "Short Stories of the Bible." Probably Princeton is not to be blamed for these lectures, but we can imagine the chagrin of the learned faculty when they listened to these attempts at popularizing the Scriptures. They are a marvellous hodge-podge of ancient jests, recollections of early childhood that do not suggest intimations of immortality, frequent quotations from the Bible, Browning, Dostoevski, and others, and abundant superlatives. The criticism is largely *O altitudo* appreciation, as when the thirteenth and fifteenth chapters of I Corinthians are said to "tower above everything else in the world's literature except the actual words of Jesus in the Gospels." There is, too, a constant effort to bring the Bible into touch with the man on the street. The story of Balak and Balaam is brought to the comprehension of Fourteenth Street as "one of the first instances in history where a political boss discovers to his chagrin that he cannot control his most influential orator"; it is apparently a humorous observation that "peevish King Ahab went on a hunger strike," and another that Gideon is "the true ancestor of all those who come from Missouri." For ourselves we had thought better of Gideon. The tone throughout is meant to be diverting, as if the Princeton theologs were likely to be bored by an unfamiliar and uninteresting subject and must needs be kept in their seats by a sprightly style and an up-to-the-minute treatment.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

American Academy of Arts and Letters. Commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of James Russell Lowell. Scribners.

Chase, Beatrice (Olive Katharine Parr). The Dartmoor Window Again. Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00.

Firth, Charles H. Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World. Proceedings of the British Academy, Volume 8. Oxford University Press. 2s.

Gilbert, Allan H. A Geographical Dictionary of Milton. Yale University Press.

Lyle, Marie C. The Original Identity of the York and Towneley Cycles. Research Publications of the University of Minnesota, Number 3. University of Minnesota. 75 cents.

Schuré, Edouard. Woman: The Inspirer. London: The Power-Book Co. 4s. 6d.

Wells, John E. First Supplement to a Manual of the Writings in Middle English. Yale University Press.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Bildersee, Adele. Jewish Post-Biblical History Through Great Personalities. Cincinnati: Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Ponte, Andrés F. Bolivar y Otros Ensayos. Caracas: Tipografia Cosmos.

Seitz, Don C., editor. The Tryal of William Penn and William Mead. Marshall Jones. $1.

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

Hyslop, James H. Contact With the Other World. Century. $5.

Franklin, James H. Ministers of Mercy. Missionary Education Movement. 75 cents.

Kelman, John. The War and Preaching. Yale University Press. $1.25.

Macintosh, Douglas Clyde. Theology as an Empirical Science. Macmillan. $2.00.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Hershey, Amos S. and Susanne W. Modern Japan. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.50.

Stephenson, William B., Jr. The Land of Tomorrow. Doran. $2.

EDUCATION

Scott, Sir Walter. Guy Mannering (edited and abridged by Eva Warner Case). Macmillan Pocket Classics.

MISCELLANEOUS

Aircraft Year Book, 1919. Manufacturers' Aircraft Association. $4.

Cowing, Herbert L. One Thousand Technical Books. American Library Association.

Foerster, Robert F. The Italian Factor in the Race Stock of Argentina. American Statistical Association.

Guthrie, Kenneth S. A Romance of Two Centuries. Platonist Press. $1.65.

Guthrie, William N. The Religion of Old Glory. Doran. $2.50.

Judd, Neil M. Archeological Investigations at Paragonah, Utah. Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections. Smithsonian Institution.

Moore, William, and Hirschfelder, Arthur D. An Investigation of the Louse Problem. Research Publications of the University of Minnesota, Number 4. University of Minnesota. 50c.

Morrill, G. L. On the Warpath. The Author.

Morrill, G. L. Rotten Republics. Chicago: Donohue & Co.

Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College, 1917-1918. Harvard: Cambridge University Press.

Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections, Number 2. Explorations and Field-Work of the Smithsonian Institution in 1918. Smithsonian Institute.

Williams, Jesse Feiring. Healthful Living. Macmillan.

Year Book of the United States Department of Agriculture, 1918. Government Printing Office.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

Hoffman, Frederick L. A Plan for a More Effective Federal and State Health Administration. California: Commonwealth Club of San Francisco.

Kalaw, Maximo M. Self-Government in the Philippines. Century. $1.50.

Klein, John J. Principles of Progress and Methods of Improvement. Jamestown, New York: The Life and Service Bureau. 30 cents.

Oppenheimer, Franz. The State. Its History and Development Viewed Sociologically. Bobbs-Merrill.

Smith, Snell. America's Tomorrow. Britton Publishing Co. $2.

The Labour Year Book, 1919. London: Co-operative Printing Society. 3s. 6d.

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